National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XIX. NO. 29. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1858. WHOLE NO. 965.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, 138 *Nassau St., New York,*

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

107 *North Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

RATE OF ADVERTISING, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

THE SLAVERY AGITATION.

From The New York Times.

ALL signs indicate the lulling of the slavery storm which has so rocked the country for the last few years. Here and there faint murmurings betray the lingering of the lightnings, but they do not break with any force, and the noise awakened is rather the mimic thunder of the stage than the deep and dangerous explosion of warring elements. The clouds seem to have drifted away from the national heavens. Not a Southern Governor has alluded to slavery in his annual message. Governor Hammond's speech—proclaiming peace and disclaiming all effort or desire for a renewal of sectional strife—is greeted everywhere, North and South, with hearty applause and a universal eagerness to have its sentiments incorporated into the political movement of the country. Kansas is a predestined free State—to be admitted into the Union whenever its people choose—but they have evidently got over their hurry, and have ceased to talk of Topeka or Lecompton, and are busy attending to their domestic affairs. No more plots are discovered or invented for the extension of slavery; Charleston herself is sending back imported negroes, and capturing vessels suspected of the slave trade; Speaker Orr, at Washington, proclaims peace, and urges his friends to abandon extremes and rally around the Union; the fire-eaters, with the solitary exception of Col. Jefferson Davis, have ceased to clamor and to rage; the Abolitionists are despondent and drooping; and the dead calm of contentment seems to have settled upon the face of the political sea. Even the potent voice of Governor Seward has failed to awaken any enthusiasm for an anti-slavery crusade in the breasts of his friends, or to rally them to his flaming standard for the coming canvass.

All these appearances, say sanguine partisans, are deceptive. This peace is but a truce and cannot endure. Revolutions never go backward, and the tide which rose so high in 1856 must rise still higher in 1860, and sweep over the whole country. But revolutions *do* go backward, in spite of the proverb—and the tide which rises one day must, as a matter of necessity, ebb the next. All the great revolutions of the world have had their reactions, from which some of the most violent have never recovered. Besides, the revolution of 1856 was due to special causes which are now removed, and to specific acts which are not likely to be repeated. The Kansas issue had then been forced upon the country, in the form best calculated to arouse passion and enlist all the energies of the public mind. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise—the armed invasion of the Territory—the slaughter of defenceless men—the horrible outrages of aroused ruffianism—the enactment by an illegitimate Legislature of the most cruel and inhuman code ever seen upon a modern statute book—the savage assault upon Sumner—the manner in which it was espoused and extolled by the South—combined to create the most formidable, and for the North the most favorable, issue which could be imagined or desired. If such acts were to be repeated, the agitation they caused would be renewed. But of this we see no signs. On the contrary, everything indicates, for a time at least, the preservation of the *status quo*. No new territorial question impends or asks for practical adjustment. The South have neither the strength nor the disposition to renew the struggle for Kansas or for any other Territory. They fear the renewal of any such contest, for the odds are largely against them, and they are quite certain to be left on the losing side. Their own doctrine of popular sovereignty has given the race to the swift, and the battle to the strong. They are afraid of further acquisitions, for this will only enlarge the field on which, with every contest, they are certain to be the losers. They will not reopen the slave trade, for this would shock even their own sentiments of justice and of Christian civilization, besides adding to the vast mass of brutal ignorance which already crushes them beneath its heavy load. They fear to acquire Cuba, for they know the benefits of its accession would accrue to Northern commerce, while their sugar culture would droop under the competition which would thus be created. They feel the truth of Mr. Seward's declaration, that the contest is over, and that the victory rests with the North; and they also recognize the wisdom of Mr. Hammond's advice, to consult their safety, as well as dignity, by an attitude of masterly inactivity. As a general thing, they concur with him in the belief that, if they offer no issue, and provoke no hostility, they have nothing to fear from the Northern States.

On the other hand this trust of the South begets a corresponding forbearance in the North. There is no disposition among the Northern people to encroach upon Southern rights, or do anything more than protect themselves from aggression. The people do not assent to the justice of the Dred Scott decision, but they are not disposed to enter upon a crusade against the Supreme Court or to wage a Presidential contest on an abstract point of law. Such a canvass demands practical issues upon practical questions: it cannot be made to turn upon theoretical principles or points of speculative interest. It may be that, under some decision of the Courts, the abstract right of the slaveholder to bring his slaves into a Northern State may be asserted; but even this would not arouse the people of the North to any excitement so long as they remain satisfied that the right is purely theoretical, and can never, under any circumstances, be asserted in any other form. They are not afraid that slavery will ever come into New England, nor are they at all inclined to carry freedom into South Carolina against the will of her inhabitants. Whenever the government shall again attempt or threaten the actual extension of slavery into new territories, they will undoubtedly again unite in resistance to such an endeavor. But they will not seek this end by Wilmot Provisos or by any other form of Congressional intervention. The principle has been thoroughly expelled from our national legislation, and will never again make its appearance in our popular elections.

The whole country will gladly welcome this escape from the slavery agitation. And we may reasonably hope that our future political controversies, for some little time at all events, will turn upon questions less calculated to awaken sectional animosities and to infuse bitterness and rancor into the party strife of the day.

GRATIFYING INTELLIGENCE.

WE are heartily rejoiced to learn from *The Tribune*, of yesterday, that a bill has been introduced into the State Senate of Vermont, which will, if passed, "effectually put a stop, so far as Vermont is concerned, to the attempts of Northern visitors to play the slaveholder within the limits of that State." We congratulate the people of Vermont on having erected a barrier which, it is hoped, may be permanent against the incursions of slavery upon that State. Its soil and climate—the peculiar character of its productions, and the singular temper of its people—offer such strong inducements to slaveholders to bring their chattels into that latitude that it is highly gratifying to find that adequate precautions have been taken by law against such proceedings. The bill to which *The Tribune* refers proposes to punish, by fine and imprisonment, any person who shall bring a slave into Vermont with intent to hold him there in that capacity. We presume it was intended to ward off an impending peril; that secret intelligence been obtained of a purpose on the part of the South to transport their slaves by the thousand to the shores of Lake Champlain and the ridges of the Green Mountains—and that the people of this gallant State made haste to protect themselves against this fearful danger by the enactment of the law in question.

We hope they will succeed, and that no attempt will ever be made hereafter to hold any man as a slave within the State of Vermont. But we are compelled to confess our belief that the only danger of such an attempt grows out of the enactment of the very law in question. We do not believe it would ever enter the head of the most extravagant and inordinate fire-eater in all the South to take a single slave into Vermont, in the ordinary course of things. We do not recall the instance in which such an attempt has ever been made. We doubt if the memory of the oldest inhabitant can revert to any occasion on which any Southern slaveholder has endeavored to do what this law is intended to forbid. But after such a law shall be enacted, it is barely possible that some rabid, excitable, pro-slavery fanatic in the South may say to himself that such a law is in flat hostility to the Constitution as interpreted by the Supreme Court of the United States, and that, for the purpose of testing the question, he will take a slave into Vermont and subject himself to the operation of this law. Thus, he will flatter himself, a fine collision between State and Federal authority can be brought about—we will see a Northern State compelled to take the ground of nullification—and possibly we may thus make some progress towards that dissolution of the Union which it is the special wish of his heart to bring about.

We should think much more highly of the practical wisdom and prudence of the legislators of Vermont if they would quietly lay this bill upon the table, as one which is not called for by any public necessity, and the only effect of which will be to stir up anew feelings of animosity and of distrust on the part of the Southern States. We do them the justice of believing that they understand perfectly the utter inutility of such a law, for all purposes except those of agitation. They know that slaves will not, under any circumstances, be brought into Vermont; and that even if they should be, the fortress of liberty would be in no special peril from their incursions. Such legislation as that proposed is the exact counterpart of the fire-eating demonstrations of the Southern States, and belongs to the same category as the schemes for restoring the slave trade, annulling the Federal Government, conquering Kansas, and making negroes the end and aim of our Republican institutions. It is time that sensible men, in all sections, should discountenance such child's-play in our halls of legislation.—*Ibid.*

THE PROPHET OF WOE.

From The Journal of Commerce.

EVER since the lamentations of Senator Seward at Rochester, we have been expecting some further light in regard to the national woes which he anticipates and prophesies. It is aggravating in the extreme to be left in vague doubt, when such horrid calamities are hanging over our heads. If the country is going to be swamped, we want to know when and how, and all the particulars. Even when a man is sentenced to be hung, he is entitled to be informed of the time and place of execution. And if, as Mr. Seward in substance asserts, there is a necessary and inevitable conflict between the slave and free States—if this daily intensifying "antagonism" can only result in a "collision"—if the noble structure of the Republic is to be dissolved, and, "like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind"—we certainly have a right to demand that this gloomy seer shall look the nation in the face and tell it when and where the frightful drama is to open; that he shall descend from his castle in the air, and give us authentic facts instead of theories; or, at least, that he should inform us from what source of prophetic inspiration he has drawn his vague and croaking forebodings. The time has gone by when men are to be frightened by the vague oracles of Delphi, the mysteries of witches' cauldrons, the flaming tails of comets, or the "melancholy dirges" of birds of ill omen. Such dreary and meaningless prognostications of future evil are now the exclusive stock in trade of quacks, charletans and female astrologers who advertise as the "seventh daughter of a seventh mother."

The truth is, Mr. Seward is playing a new game of political quackery with the people. All this talk about the Africanization of the North, the surrender of "the rye fields and wheat fields of Massachusetts and New York" to slave culture, and the establishment of slave markets in New York and Boston, has no meaning. "Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble," he drones, like the witches in Macbeth, as he heaps up the boiling cauldron with new horrors. And then that calamity of calamities, that catastrophe of catastrophes which his heated imagination conjures up, of his own self-exile and flight in that "evil day" when "all future effort of resistance shall be impossible," is almost worthy of the retired physician whose sands of life are nearly run out. Really the picture is quite affecting; Mr. Seward in full flight (across Behring's Strait, perhaps) from his country, no longer worthy of him, and, with horizontal coat-tails, "seeking over the face of the whole earth for a new and more congenial home!"

It is rather unfortunate, perhaps, that the same hand which drew this distressing picture was, a few months since, wildly gesticulating over the "victory of freedom," and pointing out a new path of empire to the North. But in despair, as in triumph, these are the figures of speech which come most naturally to Mr. Seward's mouth. "Conflict," "antagonism," "collision," "victory," "defeat," are the catchwords with which he marshals his followers on to the battle of sections and geographical boundaries. Of late years, the conviction seems to have grown stronger and stronger in his mind that the government of the country should be conducted in such a manner as to bring the North and South in a direct and hostile issue. He and his followers talk and act as if war had been already declared, the citizens of the North and South were drawn up against each other in solid columns. It never seems to enter his head that the Constitution was framed in a spirit of mutual concession; that it was a compromise in the beginning, and must always remain a compromise; that the sovereign States were united and have been kept together by compromise and mutual concessions, and that all the great questions which have ever vexed the country have been pacificated by concessions and compromises. Men as opposite as Jefferson and Hamilton could shake hands over the compact of Confederated States; the authors of the Constitution, who would concede nothing to the mother country, gave up to the young colonies in the same spirit as they would make concessions to their brothers and children. A long array of patriots and statesmen, from Washington down, including men from as different sections and of as opposite opinions as John Adams and Madison, Webster and Calhoun, Benton and Fillmore, have proclaimed that the Republic is Peace. But, no, cries Mr. Seward, it is a contest; a conflict; an antagonism; a collision; the Republic is War. Nothing but an actual battle will satisfy him; a battle of citizens, countrymen, brothers; an internecine strife, civil war. This is the issue which the Rochester spee h, stripped of its rhetorical flourishes, presents; and this is the way we interpret the prophecy, if it be capable of any rational interpretation.

THE MARYLAND BORDER.

Correspondence of The Journal of Commerce.

WEST NOTINGHAM, Md., Nov. 17th, 1858.

MARYLAND is not so much attached to the institution of slavery, as to be unwilling to give it up at the best time, and in the best way. At the same time she does not brook that the free States should prescribe the general duty, or the *modus operandi* of it. Everywhere at the South there is a sensitiveness on this subject which many Northerners seem determined never to understand. Said a slaveholder to me not long since: "I have twenty-five negroes dependent on me for their subsistence. If you will take them, and *take care of them*, I will give them to you." This gentleman felt the burden of his dark inheritance. But he would not entrust them to the Abolitionists, because if they have succeeded in nothing else, they have succeeded in destroying among slaveholders all confidence in their wisdom, philanthropy and even motives. They have had experience of their conduct in running off slaves by the "underground railroad," and landing them to shiver and starve amid the rigors of a Canadian climate, while they know that in the genial and happy clime of Liberia, thousands of colored people are dwelling and prospering, four-fifths of whom, according to Davis, a returned emigrant, are freed men and women, emancipated by their owners with the express purpose of being colonized in Liberia. They are all proud of "Maryland in Liberia," and pleased that it is annexed to the general Republic. They point with exultation to the noble gift of a packet ship worth $36,000 to the Colonization Society by their fellow-citizen, ex-Governor Stevens, and contrast such acts with the contemptible intrigues of secret, stealthy Abolitionists, one of whom killed a horse by overdriving, while smuggling away slaves *on the Sabbath*, and got himself into prison for it. Here in Cecil County such experiments have been made, always to the detriment of the colored population, who are cared for by their owners much better than they could possibly be by the modern reformers. This county is near Pennsylvania, and of course resembles in its geographical aspects the southern portion of that State, but partakes in none of the violent schemes of reform advocated by some of these southern Pennsylvanians. There is in Nottingham a large Presbyterian church, of which Rev. Dr. Magaw was pastor for thirty years. This venerable gentleman was killed a few years since, in sight of his church, by being thrown from his carriage soon after leaving his house. Or rather he received such a fracture of the thigh bone as eventuated in his death. His successor, Rev. Mr. Gayley, occupies the parsonage, with about thirty acres of good land. Here I found an instance (one among many) of the happy influence that has flowed out on this part of the country, as the result of the manly attitude and action of the American Tract Society at its annual meeting in May. The pastor without any appeal in detail to the congregation, informed them they would have the opportunity of contributing to the funds of the American Tract Society. Though only a plate collection, the amount was one hundred dollars, an unusually large one. The people knew well the history and position of the Society, and though little attached to slavery, felt that the Society deserved a public testimonial of gratitude for the stand it had taken. As such, the gift is more valuable than when regarded in a pecuniary light. They have since contributed to the cause of colonization. D.

Selections.

BURY ME IN A FREE LAND.

BY FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS.

You may make my grave wherever you will,
In a lowly vale or a lofty hill;
You may make it among earth's humblest graves,
But not in a land where men are slaves.

I could not sleep if around my grave
I heard the steps of a trembling slave;
His shadow above my silent tomb
Would make it a place of fearful gloom.

I could not rest if I heard the tread
Of a coffle-gang to the shambles led,
And the mother's shriek of wild despair
Rise like a curse on the trembling air.

I could not rest if I heard the lash
Drinking her blood at each fearful gash,
And I saw her babes torn from her breast,
Like trembling doves from their parent nest.

I'd shudder and start, if I heard the bay
Of the bloodhounds seizing their human prey;
If I heard the captive plead in vain
As they tightened afresh his galling chain.

If I saw young girls, from their mothers' arms
Bartered and sold for their youthful charms,
My eye would flash with a mournful flame,
My death-paled cheek grow red with shame.

I would sleep, dear friends, where bloated Might
Can rob no man of his dearest right;
My rest shall be calm in any grave,
Where none calls his brother a slave.

I ask no monument proud and high,
To arrest the gaze of passers by;
All that my spirit yearning craves,
Is—bury me not in the land of slaves.

—*Anti-Slavery Bugle.*

ENGLAND, FRANCE AND PORTUGAL.

From The Boston Daily Traveller.

IF an enemy of England should wish to prove that she is falling away from her old estate, he could not do better than refer to her conduct in the recent dispute between France and Portugal. We are not of those who believe that England is on the decline, but her forbearance in this case is painful to contemplate. France was every way in the wrong. She was wrong as a slave-trader. She was wrong as a party to the last peace of Paris. She was wrong as a great nation in assailing a nation that bears the same proportion to herself that Sardinia bears to the United States. Yet she has been allowed to work her wicked will on Portugal—the latter being as clearly in the right as France was in the wrong. We do not say that England is under obligations to assist every weak nation that France may choose to bully. It is no source of disgrace to her that she steps not forward to interpose between France and her victims. As a general rule, it would be as unreasonable to accuse us of cowardice and weakness because we do not meddle with the French when they prefer the same charges against England for the same forbearance. But the case of Portugal is a peculiar one. England and Portugal have been allies for almost five hundred years. Their alliance is one of the direct, living facts that connect the reign of Victoria with the reign of Edward III., the days of the Guelphs with the days of the Plantaganets, the age of Wellington and Raglan with the age of the Black Prince, and Chandos, and Manny. The first treaty between England and Portugal was made in 1373, and from that time until now they have been on terms more intimate than have been known to any other two States. By the terms of the first treaty, the two nations agreed to defend each other, "by sea and by land, against all men that may live or die." In eight years after that engagement was made, England sent a large force to aid Portugal when attacked by Castile. When Portugal became part of the Spanish monarchy, the connection between the countries ceased; but after the restoration of her nationality, and in 1661, another treaty was made, by which the English king agreed to "take the interest of Portugal and all its dominions to heart, defending the same with his utmost power by sea and land, even as England itself." This king was Charles II., who married a princess of the house of Braganza. The treaty of 1703 was to the same effect. In 1762 a British force was sent to defend Portugal against the Spaniards, which it did with striking success, Gen. Burgoyne being one of its commanders. It was in Portugal that the English began that armed resistance to Napoleon which ended at Tolouse and Bordeaux. When, in 1826, it was believed that Spain, acting as the tool of the Holy Alliance, was about to attack Portugal, Mr. Canning despatched an English force to the latter country, and saved it from attack. Down, indeed, to this year, few men could have doubted that England would be found ready to stand by her old associate and ally as heartily now as she had done in the days of the house of Avis, and afterwards in those of the earlier Braganzas. In one of the most eloquent of Macaulay's speeches, he points out that the language of the treaty of 1373 actually seems to have indicated the long continuance of fraternal relations between the parties to it. "Over and over again it has occurred to me," he says, "in looking at the relations formed with Portugal in the 14th century, that it was impossible one thing should not strike any one who directed his attention to the subject—that it seemed as if the persons who framed those treaties had a sort of presentiment that they would completely outlive all the great changes that have taken place in the modes of warfare and the relations of the world. Our first treaty with Portugal provided that we should send to the defence of Portugal 'troops, archers, slingers, ships, galleys, sufficiently armed for war,' or 'any other kind of defence.' Of course, it is merely a fortuitous circumstance; but it bears rather a singular aspect to see, in the middle of a treaty framed in the fourteenth century, still in force, such a clause as that." He also said, "It was a striking remark of Mr. Canning that, from the first, all our treaties with Portugal had the character, not of depending upon the force of expression which they bore about them, but of exhibiting a more kindly connection than ordinarily existed between States." Such are the relations of these two countries; and as Portugal was peculiarly the friend of England, so was she peculiarly the object of French attack, either by direct or indirect means. England was ever ready to defend her against such attacks until this year, 1858, and when ruled by a ministry called into existence by French insolence. The Palmerston ministry fell because of its want of spirit at the time of the Orsini plot, when it truckled to France. Public indignation compelled its dissolution, and the existing ministry has now acted with as much cowardice as its predecessor. Had Parliament been in session, the ministry probably would have shared the fate of that which preceded it. As it is, there is much feeling on the subject in England, grounded on the fact that France was notoriously and unquestionably in the wrong from first to last, and on the belief that she assailed Portugal, and trampled upon her, because she was *the* old ally and friend of England, and as such was to be treated in the most insulting manner possible. The demand made on Portugal was for the sum of about $70,000. The King, like the philosopher who would not dispute the opinions of the master of forty legions, submitted, from absolute inability to resist, and threw himself on the mercy and magnanimity of Louis Napoleon, who thereupon abated the demand one-half. Whether the half is to be lost by the French government, or by the gentlemen slavers who pathetically declare that their thievish projects were interfered with and spoiled by Portugal, we know not. If it should fall on the latter, they might complain, whereupon they would receive some practical knowledge of the nature of slavery and oppression, in which they appear to stand in much need, and which might cause them to entertain more wholesome opinions than they now have on the rights of others. The leisure afforded by a residence in Guiana might enable them to work out to a sound conclusion the proposition that even Guinea has some rights that white men are bound to respect.

We see it stated in one of the Paris journals that the Emperor, having "vindicated the honor of France" (much after the fashion that Mr. Morissey might vindicate his honor by knocking down a newsboy of ten years old, for selling papers containing reflections on his conduct), will now depart from his slave-trading policy, and act with England for the establishment of something more liberal than his intended scheme of kidnapping. This means that, having insulted England before the whole world, and on the most susceptible of all points, he is ready now to patronize her. How long England will consent to submit to these insults, we shall, perhaps, have the means of ascertaining at an early day. She is paying altogether too high for the French alliance, which is no alliance in any just meaning of the word. To an American, the strangest thing of all is that she should not see that by this alliance she confers benefits, instead of receiving them. All the consideration that the French government has in Europe is derived from the alliance it has made with England. Louis Napoleon stood alone among sovereigns until England became his ally. Russia treated him with contempt, and he could not get a wife even from among the royal-wife-creating houses of Germany, so small was the consideration in which he was held until after the commencement of that dispute which led to the Russian war. It is because he knows that England is by some looked upon as his support that he treats her so brusquely, seeking to create the impression that he imparts and does not receive strength from the alliance. The tameness of England under his provocations encourages him to do things foreign to his cautious temper; and if she should resist him firmly, his arrogance would disappear at once, and his place in the world of Europe would be seen by all. Her submission, so uncalled for by every consideration of honor and expediency, is lessening her reputation everywhere, and in no part of the world more than in America, where there are always persons ready to make the most of any blunder that the mother-land may commit. Perhaps it is prudence that renders England apparently so submissive; and when India shall have been pacified, as well as subdued, she may cease to allow France to assume towards her the part that a wise nation would scarcely assume towards a remote province.

THE NIAGARA AND HER SLAVE CARGO.

To the Editor of The London Times.

SIR: The United States steam-frigate Niagara, Capt. Chauncey, arrived at this port yerterday, *en route* for Monrovia, with the Africans recently rescued by the United States brig Dolphin from the slave brig Echo. After coaling, she proceeds at once to her destination. I have been kindly permitted to see a private letter from Dr. Rainey, who is the special agent of the Government of the United States, to a friend in England, in which he says:

"We have had a difficult and somewhat unusual duty to perform with our fine frigate, in restoring a few unfortunate Africans to their own land. The Niagara proceeded to Charleston, where I joined her, by the direction of the Government, to sail for Africa, there to receive these negroes and deliver them officially to the American Colonization Society, with which the President had contracted for their protection, education and support for one year. The yellow fever raged with great violence in that city at the time the negroes had been landed at Fort Sumter, a few miles below the city, where they were necessarily greatly exposed and badly fed. They ate freely the shell-fish which collected around the fort and died rapidly. Their condition on leaving the brig Echo was painful and disgusting in the extreme. They had been huddled together closer than cattle, and slept at night in as close contact as spoons when packed together. Privation of every kind, coupled with disease, had reduced all of them to the merest skeletons, and to such a state of desuetude and debility that on entering the fort they could not so much as step over a small beam one foot high in the doorway, but were compelled to sit on it and balance themselves over. Even now, on board of our ship, after one month of kind treatment, good food and pure air, they appear ghastly in the extreme.

"The Echo took on board 455 at Kabenda. One hundred and forty-one died on the passage, 8 died after the capture, 35 died in Charleston, and 57 have died on board our frigate. We received on board 271; of these 226 were men and boys, 43 girls and women, and 2 infants. Consequently 214 only remain, and many of these doubtless, will die before we reach the coast. But one woman has died of the whole lot—a fact illustrative of the greater fortitude of the female sex. Yet, their number being smaller, and our nation being gallant in all cases, their treatment has been somewhat better than those of the men. Thus, 241, or considerably more than one-half of these poor creatures, have died—a sad commentary on the traffic, and paralleled only in the infernal trade of coolies. It is a poor apology for the defective yet vaunted civilization of the times that human beings can be murdered thus wholesale, merely to gratify the bestial cupidity of the lowest knaves that disgrace the great privilege of human free agency.

"This cargo came from the regions of the Congo River, about 5° south latitude; it is said from Kabenda. There are a few Kabendas among them; many Congos, or Muscongos; a few from the interior districts of Loango and Londa; and some whom they call among themselves negroes. Four or five of them speak a *patois* of the Portuguese, which I can understand sufficiently to know all of their wants and feelings, and learn the little they know of themselves and one another. They range from eight to eighteen years of age, but about a dozen of them being adults. Only four are tolerably fine-looking fellows, while there are about the same number of healthy-looking women. The remainder are young and impressible, as it is, I believe, generally desirable that they should be.

"They are extremely filthy, and much prefer nudity to dress. We have adopted the plan of having a large hose turned on them twice per week, with strong men at the engine. They appear well enough satisfied with the bath, but cannot, even by the lash, which we are compelled to employ freely, be made to observe any other sanitary or decent habit. It requires a good large crew of men to keep the spar-deck, where they are located, clean. When clothing was put on them in Charleston, of which the negro slaves in the city contributed several dray-loads, they immediately tore it off and rolled in the sand and basked in the sun.

"I know but few cases in which they manifest any sympathy for one another, except to help to scratch each other's backs. They give no atttention or sympathy whatsoever to the sick and dying. When one is dead, the body may lie for hours among them in immediate contact, yet unnoticed. But as soon as the soul has fled, they steal the blanket of the deceased and most unceremoniously proceed to appropriate his bread spoon, and bag. During the process of burial they never manifest the slightest concern. A more stolid, brutalized, pitiable set of beings I never beheld.

"All of them take medicine without a word of objection, yet whenever one sickens he is almost certain to die. We found them with scurvy, diarrhœa, and opthalmia, and, relieved very much of the former and latter. They now have also catarrh, influenza, scurvy, and chronic diarrhœa. It is wholly impossible to intelligently diagnose their symptoms, or to provide for them as one would wish. We have given them all the aid that money liberally extended and directed by intelligent Christian sympathies could dictate. But they are a set of poor, miserable beings, who will probably relapse into their old state. I am satisfied that they would have been much happier as slaves in America; but the curse would be upon us, for slavery always operates far more disadvantageously on the white owners than on the negroes themselves.

"I trust that the day is coming when this horrible traffic will cease. But it must be by a powerful and combined effort on the part of the leading Christian nations. The people of the United States as a mass would revolt at the idea of so far relapsing into barbarism as to either re-establish or tolerate the slave trade, and the faithful President of the United States but echoes the universal public voice when he orders a peremptory and literal execution of our laws and treaties on the subject, and, in the face of cavillers here and there in the South, sends the people, at enormous cost, out of the Union. But, in addition to some improvements in our squadron on the coast of Africa, by replacing the 88 guns of large frigates and sloops by many small and effective steam gun-boats, there is a great change needed in your country also; and that is, you must make the crime of slaving piracy and murder, and must execute the law so defining. I am satisfied that some new mode must also be introduced for the trial of those found on board slavers; probably trying them at once and swinging them up to the yard-arm. As your system now operates, the British captors have every interest in releasing the crew and landing them again at an eligible point on the coast, that they may the sooner have another vessel, to be taken as another profitable prize. This is an easy and certain means of furnishing prize money to your cruisers, and an equally certain means of perpetuating the slave trade. It always appears singular to us that your confessedly great and noble statesmen permit a system so impotent except in evil to exist and curse the world."

Heartily concurring in these sound views from one who is evidently earnest and intelligent, I take the liberty of sending them to you for publication. ROYAL MAIL.

St. Vincent's, Oct. 23.

CRIME AMONG OUR COLORED POPULATION.

NEW YORK, Friday, Nov. 19, 1858.

To the Editor of The New York Times.

SIR: In your paper of 17th inst. I find a "Retrospect of a Year's Crime," taken from the "First Metropolitan Police Report," in which the "total number of arrests" is stated to have been "60,885"; and, after a statement of "the nativity of those arrested," it is added, "among these were 566 colored persons."

Now, since the colored people are so frequently spoken of as a degraded and vicious portion of our population, it is natural to inquire into the comparative number of arrests of colored persons for crime, in proportion to the relative number of the white and colored population of our city. I have no means of knowing the present number of either. But in the census of 1850, p. 278, the whites are stated to be 501,732, the colored 13,815; total, 515,547. This, if I mistake not, shows that the colored people, at that time, were about 2.68 per cent. of the entire population.

Assuming that the present population does not greatly vary from that of 1850, the colored people would compare favorably with the whites, in 1857–8, if 2.68 per cent. of the arrests should have been from among them. But if I figure correctly, the "First Metropolitan Police Report" shows that considerably less than one per cent. (about .93 of 1 per cent.) of those arrested were colored.

To state the matter in another form. If the colored population (now, as in 1858) be 2.68 per cent. of our population, then their arrests for crime, if in the same proportion, would have been 1,631; whereas, by the Metropolitan Police Report, it was only 566, a difference of 1,065 in their favor. Ought not this to be noticed, and recorded to their credit?

Yours respectfully, WILLIAM GOODELL.

KIDNAPPING IN KANSAS.

From The Lawrence (Kansas) Republican.

THERE has been no little excitement in this city during the past week, arising from two attempts at kidnapping, one of them accompanied also by an attempt to kill. The circumstances, briefly, are these: On Thursday evening last, a colored man, who resides in this city, was returning home from his day's work, about nightfall, and, near the ravine, west of the city, was violently arrested by three men, who threatened him with instant death if he made an outcry. They bound him, and then two of them guarded him while the third went and brought a horse and buggy. Putting the man into the buggy, they drove off rapidly under cover of night, and carried him to a house some mile or so distant from Franklin. Here he was confined that night and all the next day. During the night he was bound. On Friday night he managed to get his bonds loose, raised a window, and, jumping from the upper story, made his escape. Some citizens of this city and vicinity subsequently went with the colored man to the neighborhood of Franklin, for the purpose of having him identify, if possible, the house where he was confined. Before coming in sight of the house, he described its position and appearance accurately. Upon being taken into the house, and requested to state what was to be found in the upper room, where he had been confined, he described it minutely, and, as an examination on the spot showed, with entire accuracy. Those who accompanied him had no doubt whatever that he had taken them to the house where he had been confined. It is situated about one mile north of Franklin, and is inhabited, as we are informed, by a family named Corel.

The second attempt at kidnapping was made on Friday afternoon, about sundown, upon the person of Charles Fisher, a colored barber in this city. It was undoubtedly done by the same gang of wretches who had carried off the other man the night before. Their design evidently was to capture both of the men, take them to Missouri, and sell them for slaves. The villains had planned to make a nice thing of it, for the two men would have brought from two to three thousand dollars. Mr. Fisher was on his way home, also, and when just beyond the city limits, in the road leading south, was overtaken by a hack containing three or four men. After passing him about twenty feet, one of them got out of the wagon, and, drawing a pistol, said to Fisher, "Stop, d—n you, or I will kill you." Fisher immediately turned and fled back toward the house of Rev. Mr. Reynolds, which was not far off. The kidnappers pursued and shot at him, and, at the same time, those in the hack turned their horses about, and put them upon a keen run after the fleeing man, with the evident design of intercepting him before he should reach the house. At this juncture, Mr. Reynolds, who had been alarmed by a hired man with the intelligence that an attempt was being made to kill a man, ran out, and the kidnappers, seeing that they were foiled, turned their horses, took in those who had got out, and drove off furiously toward Franklin. Mr. Fisher reached the house of Mr. Reynolds, completely exhausted with the desperate race he had run.

Samuel Fry, of this city, having been identified as the driver of the hack, was next morning arrested, and, after an examination before Justice Ladd, was bound over for trial in the sum of one thousand dollars, as an accomplice in the attempt to kill Mr. Fisher. A man by the name of Gross was also arrested on the charge of attempt to kill; but an *alibi* having been proved, in the opinion of the Court, he was dismissed, but was immediately rearrested on a warrant issued by Justice Wood, on the charge of kidnapping. The examination of that charge is still pending. It will be perceived that an *alibi* in this case should be very clearly and definitely proved, as all of the perpetrators of the infamous deed were undoubtedly in this city fifteen minutes before it was done, and probably back again within a comparatively short time after, also. Fry, we understand, says that he was hired to drive the team, and knew nothing of the matter until the assault on Fisher was made, and that he (Fry) was then overpowered by those in the hack, and compelled to run his horses after Fisher, and after that to drive just where the kidnappers desired. We leave our readers to judge of the truth of that story.

We speak but the universal sentiment of this community when we express the hope that this investigation will be pushed to the fullest extent.

That attempts, even, at kidnapping should be made here in Lawrence is a burning disgrace and shame to this city; that the guilty perpetrators should escape would make us deservedly infamous. The matter has been properly brought before the officers whose duty it is to investigate it, and now the community expect those officers to do their whole duty faithfully and thoroughly. The penalty against such abominable crimes is deservedly severe; and if the villains who have been concerned in their perpetration be allowed to escape, serious delinquency, not to say complicity in crime, will rest somewhere. Again, we say, let the matter be investigated, let it be probed to the bottom, let the guilty gang be brought to their just deserts.

From the same of Nov. 11.

Judge Elmore has released Samuel Fry, who had been committed for trial by Justice Ladd, for being an accomplice in the attempt to kill, in the recent kidnapping case. The main ground upon which the release was made was that persons of African extraction are incapable of giving testimony. The decision is equivalent to declaring that there is no law in this Territory against the kidnapping of colored persons, from the fact that, in the very nature of the case, the witnesses must, in almost every such case, be the injured parties themselves.

A SLAVE SALE IN ST. LOUIS.

THE following letter is from a gentleman of this city, who was recently in St. Louis:

"ST. LOUIS, October 7, 1858.

"To the Editors of The Evening Post.

"I noticed, by an advertisement in the *Republican* of this morning, that there would be a sale of 'slaves for life,' at the east door of the City Hall, at noon to-day, and at that time wound my way thitherward. The crowds hurrying through the busy streets probably knew or thought little of the traffic in human beings about to be consummated in the open day, in the very centre of the noble city of St. Louis.

"It was with peculiar sensations, and yet a fixed determination to be an impartial witness of the transactions, that I ascended the granite steps to the east portico or door of the massive City Hall. I had arrived a little before the time, and but three or four of the chattels were on sight; but soon the traders gathered in goodly numbers, and, with two or three dozen spectators, the sale commenced on the very steps of the building. The auctioneer, an aged man, was evidently an adept at the business, and inclined to do his part 'in the most respectable manner'; but of the beastly appearance and demeanor of the dealers no language can give you an adequate description.

"The first 'lot' put up was a middle-aged woman, with infant, said to be eighteen months old, in her arms. The poor mother was subject to much sharp questioning, and a most indecent personal examination. One of the bidders took so many outrageous liberties that even the auctioneer came to the rescue, and pronounced him 'no gentleman.' The bidding was slow, and it was only after a great amount of hammering that the lot was knocked down to a blear-eyed, tobacco-chewing trader, named Andrae, for $610. 'I'v got plenty more like ye,' said the buyer, as he coolly asked the downcast mother if she 'was glad he'd bought her.' An insolent interrogatory well answered, 'If yer a good master, I'se glad.' Andrae was evidently a well-known breeder or dealer, for, when he walked away, a bystander remarked, 'the old fellow buys 'em all.'

"The next 'lot' consisted of a single woman called 'Kissie,' who, as the auctioneer said, 'had a good countenance, and was but 18 years old.' She stood the jeers of the depraved crowd remarkably well, and was sold for $797 50.

"Then came another woman, aged 23, a tidy-looking creature, whose merits were loudly descanted on by the seller. She brought $600, and was pronounced 'a remarkably cheap nigger.'

"Then a boy, who said he 'could do anything,' was put up, but not a bid could be had. His abilities were evidently not appreciated by the crowd.

"Then an old man, venerable and dignified, who stood erect as a Roman noble, was brought to the block. His age was, of course, against him, though, at the auctioneer's beck, he said 'he could yet do a heap of work.'

"The poor old fellow's gray head was the subject of considerable coarse jesting, and he was finally bid off at $355.

"'Minnie, a sprightly-looking girl, was then 'trotted out.' Her virtues were long dwelt upon, and, as she submitted to the bold handling of several traders, she was made the point of the most loathsome insults from the lookers-on, not a few of whom were but half-grown boys. Several boldly intimated that for purposes of prostitution she was worth a large sum, and would soon pay for herself. She, however, brought but $795.

"'Her sale was followed by that of 'Harriet,' a girl of about the same appearance, who said 'she could do all sorts of house work,' and, after considerable bantering, was knocked down at $800, and thus the day's traffic closed."

THE YANKEES IN VIRGINIA.

From The Evening Post.

WE have before us the Ceredo *Crescent*, a weekly newspaper printed at the new town founded by emigrants from New England and other Northern States, principally mechanics, on the banks of the Ohio, near the confluence of the Big Sandy with that river. It has already more than five hundred inhabitants, yet its name is not to be found in any Gazetteer of the United States, so recently has it been changed from a solitude of the forest to a thriving village. This has been done in the space of a single year—a year which has by no means been favorable to new enterprises. In more prosperous times the new colony would probably have had acquired three times the population it now has.

In the *Crescent* we find an advertisement in which Ceredo is called "Thayer's New Town in the Old Dominion," and a long account is given of its advantages in situation, soil and climate. It stands at the head of low-water navigation, in a country fertile in wheat and maize, and well adapted to the culture of fruit, with beds of cannel co

was found a man named Floyd, with Murphy and Howel —all three having slept there that night. Opposite the store was a small building, occupied as a physician's office or shop. To this place the body was conveyed, and Faulk remarked that "it would be safe there." In one room of this shop the floor was discovered to be quite wet, as though water had just been used upon it. Fresh blood stains were noticed on the floor beyond where the water reached. These were pointed out, and no one replied save Faulk, who remarked that it must have rained during the night to wet the floor so much. But the blood stains? To these no word of explanation was offered. Mr. Lewis then asserted that there, in that room, his slave had been killed—murdered. The men present said not a word.

Further evidence proved that two men named Floyd, together with Murphy, Faulk and Howel, were at the store from dark till after midnight on the night of the alleged murder of the slave. Another most singular circumstance was also disclosed. When the coroner arrived to hold an inquest with a jury which had been summoned, the body was missing. This was nearly at night on the day following the murder, and a search for the purloined body was immediately instituted. It was presently ascertained, by tracks discovered, that the body had been taken through a door at the rear of the house and carried off. The party followed the tracks, by aid of lights, in the direction of a swamp. The search was continued until midnight, when it was determined to build a fire and wait till daylight.

At an early hour the following morning (the 20th), about four or five negroes, belonging to Faulk were discovered ploughing with mules in a field close by, and toward which the tracks appeared to lead. Toward them the searchers went, and soon, in the middle of the field, the dead and mangled body was found; and it was also discovered that the negro servants of Faulk were endeavoring to cover up and conceal the corpse by throwing earth upon it.

Another and very strong point against Faulk was that he had, previous to his rearrest, offered to pay $900 for the dead negro, if Waters and the owner of the slave would leave the State and not testify against him. For the defence, one of the Floyds testified that on the night of the murder, about 12 o'clock, he heard a "cry of distress." He was in the store, and, on going out, he walked over to the doctor's shop, where he saw Murphy (now in parts unknown) beating the negro with the *trace of a harness*, and that he saw no one else strike the victim but Murphy. He also stated that he (Floyd), Howel and Faulk requested him to desist, and let the nigger go; and when the beating did cease, the victim "staggered off" to the stable. Several witnesses were introduced to swear to the *good character* of Floyd.

The counsel for prosecution very forcibly and earnestly argued from the evidence that the guilty perpetrator was none other than him charged in the indictment. He presented the matter so clearly before the jury that, circumstantial as the evidence was, it pointed directly to the prisoner; and though others might be implicated, yet the audience, if not the jury, must have been convinced that the prisoner was one of the perpetrators of the diabolical deed.

His honor, Judge Sanders, delivered a brief charge, after which the jury retired, but soon returned with a verdict of "Not Guilty."

What comments shall be made upon this state of social sentiment, and the administration of justice toward defenceless negroes? A barbarous and cruel murder—a scourging and beating with a piece of harness upon the body of a friendless darkey until weak, suffering and tortured human nature yielded its life and its soul to the hands of its Creator. The inhuman perpetrators of the awful crime, after beating, maiming and murdering by slow torture, a human being, are free, unbound, unwhipt, unimprisoned and unpunished. But the feeling of good and virtuous citizens is against them, and there are those who speak of the fearful and wicked torture inflicted in befitting terms of condemnation. It is but just to state that all persons do not indorse the verdict of such juries, nor approve of negro murders in North Carolina.

GARREY.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1858.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York*."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York*."

TO DONORS.

THOSE who have made pledges to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and those who intend, whether pledged or not, to do something in aid of its operations the current year, are reminded that this season is the time when such aid is most needed. Such Donations will be gladly received and promptly acknowledged either by Francis Jackson, Boston, or S. H. Gay, New York.

BACK NUMBERS WANTED.—Friends who do not file THE STANDARD will confer a special favor on us if they will return to this office the number for Nov. 20. In consequence of a blunder in the press room, our files are deficient. Direct, "*National Anti-Slavery Standard*, New York."

PILATE AND HEROD.

ONE of the most noteworthy objects in our grade of civilization and religion, alike to the cynical and the philosophic eye—and one of the most mournful spectacles, to him who longs for the progressive improvement of the human race—is the zeal with which men of the Church and men of the world unite in fraternal labor for the maintenance of slavery. Examples of both these classes, unfortunately, are common among us. We wish to speak, now, of a recent specimen of each kind.

Thomas R. R. Cobb, Esq., of Georgia, brother of Howell Cobb, Secretary of the Treasury, has lately published an octavo volume of nearly six hundred pages, entitled "An Inquiry into the Law of Negro Slavery in the United States of America; to which is prefixed an Historical Sketch of Slavery."* *The Tribune*, in an able and elaborate critical notice of this book, though finding it impossible to concede to its author the philosophical and judicial impartiality to which he aspires, admits him to belong to the comparatively small class of *reasonable* men. Whether this be reckoned to him for praise or blame, it is certain that he goes through the work of striving to perpetuate the ignorance and degradation which are now enforced upon the slaves of the South, black, yellow and white, in the calmest, coolest, most deliberate manner. A democrat, he serenely maintains the right of every member of the privileged class "to wallop his own nigger"; a man of culture, and, to some extent, of learning, he quietly assumes that the diffusion of knowledge should be hedged up in one direction by stringent laws, and these enforced by the stocks and the whipping post; obliged, like his predecessors in the special defence of slavery, to send his book to the North to get it decently printed, he deliberately recommends a system which keeps intelligence and improvement out of every department of useful labor in the South; and, appealing to the Bible to make out his case, he uses equivocation and deception as seriously as if he had first asked a blessing upon it, after the manner of the Reverend functionaries of the Tract Society and the Board of Foreign Missions.

Our particular purpose now in noticing this book is to speak of the department in it last mentioned, the attempt to defend slavery from the Bible. But we may first briefly notice that in Mr. Cobb's "Historical Sketch of Slavery" he perverts the fact that slavery *has* always existed to the illegitimate conclusions that it *ought* always to exist, and that it is the natural and appropriate condition of the laboring class; he represents that the continuance of our slaves in that relative position shows it to be, on the whole, the one most comfortable and desirable for them; that their indolence proves their need of a master to provide them with the necessaries of life, while their submissive and unwarlike character shows the necessity of the same functionary for their protection and defence; that that arrangement of law and custom by which the handle of the whip is assigned to one class of men while the lash is inflicted upon another, is no more unjust, and no more objectionable, than that law of necessity in all free countries which punishes indolence with cold and hunger; that an arrogant demeanor on the part of the rich and proud, and the necessity of abject submission to their caprices by the poor, are more tolerable instead of more intolerable when *no* rights are left to the latter class, and when their husbands, wives and children, and even their own bodies, are assumed to belong to others as property; and that the opportunity to indulge the self-complacent consciousness of *high caste* is not only a real benefit, an exaltation in the scale of being, to every member of the privileged class, but that it puts them all on a social equality with each other! so that the poorest meets the richest as an equal!! and they stand together on the same social platform!!!

Since the only basis of this last extravagant representation is the fact that all white men at the South are equal in the power of unpunished insolence towards all colored ones, so that the meanest, most vulgar and most ragged of the former class may arrogantly domineer over the most favored individual of the latter, it is not strange that our author proceeds to echo the stale slanders current in the South respecting the results of emancipation in the British West India islands, nor that, while giving a juster account than slaveholders usually give of the facts which led to the independence of Hayti, he insinuates false inferences from them.

But it is the representation of slavery as authorized by the Hebrew Scriptures to which we wish to draw particular attention.

One of the tricks by which Mr. Cobb, like other defenders of slavery, pieces his argument with insinuation is his designation of the same individual or the same class as "slave" or "servant," according to the bearing of the particular term, in each case, upon the inference he wishes to establish. Thus, in his Introduction (pp. 36–7), wishing to represent the servants in the time of Abraham and after it as undoubtedly slaves, he says—"The *slavery* in these patriarchal days was undoubtedly mild; and the relations between the master and *slave* of the most familiar character." But, after the interval of only a single sentence, when it became necessary to speak of relations held by the servants of that time absolutely incompatible with slavery, and diametrically opposed alike to the laws and the customs of the American slavery which he is endeavoring to defend by these citations, he returns to the word *servant*, saying—"The *servant* frequently had control of all his master's goods; and in default of children, became his nominated heir"; and adds, in a note, "Our Savior alludes to this in the parable of the wicked *servants* who slew the son, the only heir, THAT THE INHERITANCE MIGHT BE THEIRS." The use of the word slave, in these last passages, would be a *reductio ad absurdum*. But, think of the effrontery shown in making these statements as the warrant, in any manner or degree, of that system of oppression which has often, by judicial decision, annulled the attempt which a repentant master had made, on his death-bed, to give their freedom and their earnings to his slaves, and which has lately decided that a slave, being an article of property, cannot take advantage of a testamentary provision leaving him his *choice* of two specified arrangements of his future destiny!

Another instance of the ingenious (rather than ingenuous) selection of terms above referred to is found in Mr. Cobb's first chapter; where, alluding to the Hebrew servant who, at the expiration of his contract, might, if he chose, make it a permanent engagement, by submitting to the prescribed formality of having his ear pierced with an awl by the master, in presence of the magistrates, our author says—"Thus the Hebrew servant became one of the other class, whose *bondage* was perpetual" (p. 38).

An instance, kindred in character, though not in form, to those just cited, of appeal to the preconceived opinions of the public, meets the allegation of eminent scholars, including learned prelates in the British House of Lords—that the word translated "forever," in the above passage and many others, means only "until the year of Jubilee"—with the following *argumentum ad invidiam*: "I would remark that the same argument is resorted to, by those contending for universal salvation, to meet and refute the *orthodox* doctrine of eternal punishment" (p. 38).

By taking for granted, without evidence, that slavery and the slave trade existed among the Jews—and assuming servants to be slaves in a certain proportion of those passages of the Pentateuch which make mention of the relation of master and servant (to do this in *all* cases would destroy the argument by proving too much)—and using the mistranslations of the ordinary version as a basis of argument—and entirely ignoring the declarations, precepts, prohibitions and commands bearing on the other side—much may be made out from the Old Testament in favor of slavery. Mr. Cobb has freely used each of these ingenious devices.

His first chapter is entitled "*Slavery* among the Jews"; and its first words are—"There were among the Jews two distinct classes *of slaves*." By a *judicious* use of these two expressions, and of the equivalent ones "bondage" and "bondmen"—by the kindred assumption that, wherever the *buying* of servants is spoken of in Scripture, their persons were bought of a slaveholder or slave-trader, instead of their *services* being bought *by contract with themselves*—and by the show of authority and accuracy implied in numerous references at the bottom of the pages—we are free to say that Mr. Cobb's treatise is suited to make a strong impression upon any reader, previously ignorant of the subject, who should take for granted the pertinency of the passages cited, without turning to verify them. If the reader, however, should carefully examine these references, he would find them in *many* cases insufficient to prove the point in question, and in some entirely destitute of pertinency as well as of force. But if, turning from Mr. Cobb's book, the reader should take Dr. Cheever's ("God Against Slavery"—published two years ago) or Mr. Weld's ("The Bible Against Slavery"—published twenty-one years ago), he would find not only elaborate proof that the errors of King James's translators have furnished the defender of slavery with some of his most cherished passages, but abundant and overwhelming evidence that slaveholding was utterly prohibited by the Mosaic law, apart from the precept—itself absolutely incompatible with any system of slavery—"THOU SHALT NOT DELIVER UNTO HIS MASTER THE SERVANT WHICH IS ESCAPED FROM HIS MASTER UNTO THEE! He shall dwell with thee, even among you, in that place which he shall choose in one of thy gates, *where it liketh him best*: THOU SHALT NOT OPPRESS HIM!"

Let such an article as this be incorporated into our United States Constitution, and let us have a Judiciary, State and National, that will firmly uphold it, and slavery must, forthwith, come to an end. Mr. Cobb, therefore, is careful not to *quote* this passage, and he refers to it only to insinuate the idea that it is of special and limited instead of universal application. The passage in which this reference is made is perhaps as good as any one to show, in small compass, the craft of the author in assuming that Gentile servants of the Hebrews were slaves, his effrontery in making assertions opposite to the truth without even an attempt to cite authorities, and his dishonesty in citing passages as proof, some of which are manifestly not pertinent, and others not sufficient.

"The slave sometimes escaped (1st Samuel xxv., 10), in which event the master had the right of recaption. This right seems to have extended to the territory of the neighboring nations, as was exemplified in the case of Shimei pursuing his fugitives into the territory and even the house of the king of Gath (1st. Kings, ii., 39, 49). With the characteristic exclusiveness of the Jews, they denied this right to other nations, whose slaves sought refuge among them (Deut. xxiii, 15, 16)." p. 41.

Mr. Cobb cites evidence (as if there needed any) that servants sometimes fled from the injustice of their masters; he makes the general assertion that the master had the right of recaption, without any attempt to sustain it by evidence, and without any reference to the explicit prohibition (above cited) of any surrender of a fugitive; then further asserting that this (unproved) right of recaption extended into neighboring pagan nations, he refers to the story of Shimei, mentioned in the first book of Kings, as evidence: this is the passage: consider it attentively! "And it came to pass at the end of three years that two of the servants of Shimei ran away unto Achish, son of Maachah, king of Gath. And they told Shimei, saying, Behold, thy servants be in Gath. And Shimei arose, and saddled his ass, and went to Gath to Achish to seek his servants. And Shimei went and brought his servants from Gath." The fact that a man of the unscrupulous character of Shimei was able to obtain from a heathen the restoration of his fugitives is presented to the reader as proof that the master had the *right* of recaption, both there and at home, under the jurisdiction of Hebrew law. And, as if this were not misrepresentation enough, in the next sentence (the last sentence of our extract, above quoted) he refers to, without quoting, the emphatic, unlimited, universal precept—"THOU SHALT NOT deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee!"—as if it was meant to apply only to the servants of other nations seeking refuge among the Hebrews.

While Mr. Cobb, and men of his class, are thus abusing the Bible to the support of slavery, another class of men, leaders and members of the Church, are using every opportunity to make a public display of the language and associations of slavery interwoven with the language and association of piety. Avoiding argument, agitation, and controversy, upon this subject, they everywhere assume, as matters quite settled, the righteousness of slavery and the unrighteousness of opposition to it, and unscrupulously use, in the elaboration of these ideas, all the language and all the incidents which have become hallowed by religious associations, as if, like kindred drops, these spontaneously mingled into one. We have now before us a communication of this sort in the (Philadelphia) *Presbyterian*, entitled "The Servant of Christ," perverting the affectionate self-sacrifice which led the apostle Paul spontaneously to take upon himself this title to the attempt to defend that opposite system which enforces servitude on others for our private benefit. The writer of this article says that Paul "gloried in being the *slave* of Christ," and represents that, so far as we gain the spirit of Christ by faith, we become regardless of such outward distinctions as rich and poor, bond and free. The depravity must be of no common depth or inveteracy which can thus pervert the comfort presented by Paul to the oppressed servant to justification of the claim of the oppressing master. Yet the purpose to do this is made evident by the fact that, after describing Paul as "one purchased and held as permanent and exclusive property by the Lord; not his own, but bought with a price; and that, not silver and gold, but the precious blood of Christ"—the author proceeds to say, by way of application, and of designation of his duties to the slave—"The purchase of a slave among men gives the master the exclusive use of the servant's labor and time"; and he impudently proceeds—still using the most cherished language of religion, and continuing the presumptuous attempt to represent the slave's relation to his master as resembling that of the believer to Christ—to disparage even the wages of free labor in comparison with the sort of *support* and the sort of *protection* which slaveholders are accustomed to give their slaves.

This sort of stuff appears, to a greater or less extent, in most of the religious newspapers of our country, while in some of them, like the *Presbyterian*, the *Intelligencer*, and the *Observer*, it is constant, conspicuous and elaborate. Compared with these, we must agree with *The Tribune*, the production of Mr. Cobb seems "reasonable."

*Philadelphia: T. W. Johnson & Co. New York: J. S. Voorhies, 20 Nassau street.

PROHIBITION OF SLAVE-HUNTING.

THE Legislature which will assemble in Albany on the first of January will contain a large majority of Republicans in both branches, and we hope that earnest Abolitionists in every County will put its anti-slavery character to the test by sending in petitions, as numerously signed as possible, praying for the enactment of a law prohibiting slave-hunting, under the severest penalties, on the soil of the Empire State. The Abolitionists of Massachusetts are making a strong movement for such a law in that State, and the Legislature of Vermont, now in session, has been plied with petitions, influentially signed, and now has the subject under consideration. The number of Garrisonian Abolitionists in this State is not large, but if they will all take hold of the work in earnest, they can produce a wholesome agitation and gain a large number of signatures to their petitions. In some localities the work is already begun, but we fear that in many others, where we have one or more readers, nothing has yet been attempted. We entreat every friend of the cause in this State, who may read what we now write, to make a copy of the following petition, and at once commence the work of obtaining signatures. Let us go up to the Republican Legislature with our demands that the soil of the State shall be protected from the incursions of the man-hunter, and if they refuse to enact a law for that purpose, let us hold them responsible as the abettors of kidnapping.

To the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York:

The undersigned, citizens of the State of New York, respectfully ask you to enact that no person, who has been held as a slave, shall be delivered up, by any officer or court, State or Federal, within this Commonwealth, to any one claiming him on the ground that he owes "service or labor" to such claimant, by the laws of one of the Slave States of this Union.

The petitions may be sent, as soon as completed, to some member of the Senate or House, or directed to Lydia Mott, Albany, in season for them to reach her on or before the first of February, the day fixed, we understand, for the annual State Anti-Slavery Convention for 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

THE Twenty-third Anti-Slavery Fair of Pennsylvania will be opened, in Sansom Hall, Philadelphia, Tuesday evening, the 14th of December, and will be held during the following three days.

A great variety of articles, useful and beautiful, will be offered for sale, at market prices.

Articles of Ladies' Dress; of Silk and Worsted fabrics; Aprons, Hoods, Nubias, Sontags, Sleeves, Collars, etc.; Children's Clothing, in still greater variety; Sacks, Aprons, Hoods, very nice knitted Woolen Shirts for infants; Stockings, Mittens, Scarfs, Polka Jackets, Socks, etc.

Large contributions have been made to the Fair by friends of the cause in Great Britain, among which will be found Drawings, Needle-work of various kinds, and collections of Ferns and Grasses valuable to Botanists.

A large and beautiful piece of Worsted Embroidery, from Harriet Martineau. The value of this gift is greatly enhanced by the fact that it is the handiwork of this devoted friend of the slave.

Gaily embroidered Anti-Macassars, for Gentlemen. A few articles of the beautiful and well-known Hingham Wooden Ware.

The Book and Stationery Table will present its usual assortment of Books and Stationery, and some choice collections of Fancy Articles, including handsomely embroidered Table Covers, of various sizes and fabrics, from abroad.

Travelling Writing Cases, very beautiful, and furnished with De La Rue's paper.

Paintings and Engravings, views in Scotland and Wales.

Travelling Bags, Portmonnaies, Vases, Cologne Bottles, etc., etc.

The Toy Table will be made very attractive to our little friends, who are looking forward with bright anticipations to the Fair. It will be abundantly furnished with Toys of various kinds.

Upon the tables at our Fair will be found many articles of household use, and of apparel, which our friends must purchase somewhere; and by procuring them of us, they may substantially aid our cause, without any extra outlay of money. An opportunity is, also, thus afforded for combining the gratification of benevolence and affection, by the purchase of Christmas and New Year's gifts at our Fair.

The public is assured that the Managers of this Fair desire that purchasers shall receive an equivalent for their money, and therefore great care is taken, in adjusting the prices of articles, not to exceed their market value.

Admission fee, 13 cents. Season Tickets, 25 cents.

PREMIUM FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE STANDARD.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—We invite attention to the prospectus of this work in our advertising column. Our opinion of the work we need not now repeat; but we have an announcement to make, which we hope may result in a considerable addition to our own subscription-list. By an arrangement with Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., we are enabled to offer the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and *The Atlantic Monthly* together, to new subscribers, for the coming year, for $4.00. Any person, therefore, who will procure one new subscriber to THE STANDARD and forward us the money ($2.00) in advance, can have *The Atlantic* by enclosing $2.00 more in the same letter. The subscription price of the latter is $3.00. The person procuring the subscriber may either share with him the reading of *The Atlantic*, or retain the latter for his own exclusive use. Are there not a considerable number of our readers, especially among the young, who will be glad to avail themselves of this means of aiding the anti-slavery cause and at the same time obtaining the best literary periodical in the United States? Names to be sent in on or before the first of January, 1859. Direct, "*National Anti-Slavery Standard*, New York."

RECOLLECTIONS OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

For The Standard.

IR. F.'s country-house, where I have spent many a long summer month, was the loneliest, dreariest looking place one can possibly imagine. It stood at the foot of one of the highest of a lovely range of hills—a range that seemed to inclose and engirdle the little farm as a sort of natural wal of defence. The house was a low-roofed cottage, inelegant and irregular in architecture, never hinting of the comfort and splendor that abounded within. Away from the front swept a broad lawn, thickly sown with luxuriant blue grass, the long threads of which waved to and fro with the melancholy undulations of twilight breezes.

How lonely it was there at evening, when the spiritlike mist rose from the valley, assuming every variety of shape and full of romantic suggestions. Whole hours I've spent gazing from those large square windows; there have I lived through many a golden dream, there built many a stately air-castle, which later and soberer years have knocked into ruins.

I always felt out of the world there, the place was so shut in and sequestered. It was a seemingly fit haunt for bobgoblins, elfs, witches, and the whole tribe of Fairydom; yet, within the pretty little parlor all was pleasant, cordial and welcome. There were breezy lace curtains, lazy lounges, rich pictures, fine statues, quaint old vases, cabinets, piano, guitars, flowers, comforts and pleasures of every variety to please the cultivated taste.

Mrs. F. was a quiet invalid, with a pale face and a still, blue eye. She used to lie upon the sofa, in that cool parlor, all day, in a sort of dreamy langour, scarcely vouchsafing a word. But that troublesome cough of hers used to break annoyingly upon the still serenity of my dreamhour, as I lounged upon a sofa in that romantic library, watching from the open window the rich emblazonry of sunset clouds. Somehow she appeared to me as one whose soul had already taken leave of the world, her body only staying, out of a lingering pity for her hard, crusty, world-worn, money-grinding husband.

Mr. F.'s business, or his pleasure (I can't say which), kept him a great deal from home, and so a young nephew, a youth of eighteen, used to stay with us in the evenings—a sort of house-protector; but he never came until nightfall, and the days were all my own. Those grand old trees! How I used to weave thread-like fancies, as I laid under their shade, through the lapsing hours of noon, listening to the incessant buzz of insect life that made the summer air drowsy and dreamy! I love to recall those hours, for, though charged with melancholy, they bring up some grateful memories. 'Twas there I first learned the value of certain experiences which, though painful in themselves, made an impression upon my nature which no after knowledge could eradicate.

Mr. F. owned about twenty slaves, all of whom he employed immediately upon the place. There was but little work to be done, and of course most of the time was spent in idleness; but as the cabins were some distance from the house, the noise never reached us. Jack, one of the oldest of the men, had been appointed by his master as overseer over the others, and they used to say he was a pretty severe task-master, exacting a great deal of personal respect from those under his authority. The slaves were unanimous in the declaration that if they must have a master, they preferred he should be white.

Many an hour I've spent in the cabin yard, talking to those slaves and remarking countenances so expressive of social discontent and moral degradation. "If high human aspiration is extinct in their breasts, who is to blame?" I frequently asked myself.

The time of Mr. F.'s return home was, no doubt, an occasion of great dread to the slaves, for a thorough report was made to him, by Jack, of their conduct, and woe to him who had come short of his duty (?). With the utmost indifference he listened to the statement of transgressions, then very calmly ordered that Jim Kirkman should be sent for to administer *justice* to the culprit, in the form of thirty-nine, twenty-five or fifteen lashes, as was necessary; the number of lashes being always graduated according to the enormity of the offence; and you may be sure Jim Kirkman was always on hand; he is to be found in every community and in every age; his race will never die out; he belongs to that class of creatures who, for a paltry price, is ever ready to carry out the law of punishment. Mr. F. was too much of a gentleman to do the whipping, or have it done at home. *People always put out their dirty work.* One of the servants, Margaret (a house girl), was an object of the most curious interest to me. She was so sad, went about her daily work so nervously, there was such a helpless brokenness of spirit in her look and manner, that the thought of her troubled me. I tried, at odd times, to talk to her, but she only answered my few questions with the utmost caution. No wonder she distrusted all who spoke to her, for I subsequently learned that she was constantly the subject of ill-natured report to her master and mistress. Upon inquiry I learned that she had what white ladies term a lover, who was a slave of a neighboring farmer, and one of the great troubles was that, in secret, she managed to meet him. This was strictly forbidden. At first I could not believe the statement of the servants, and ventured to ask Mrs. F. if it was true that she objected to Margaret's seeing Jack.

"Of course," answered the lazy invalid, "I will not allow such a thing."

"And why?"

"Oh, for obvious reasons. She would neglect her work, and if she were to marry, would not be half as serviceable to me as she now is."

"But has not the girl a heart and common human affections? Are they to be trifled with?"

"Oh, don't try to refine upon negro character; they have no love higher than bread and butter."

"But how do you know this? By your own showing, she manifests great love for him; does she not almost compass impossibility to bring about these meetings?"

"Yes, but that is because she is obstinately disobedient. I've had her punished severely, but to no purpose. But she sha'n't marry—I've determined that."

I had never seen the sick creature (woman we could hardly call her) betray so much energy. Her voice actually grew strong, and something like a color mounted up to her cheeks.

Discovering that she was nervous and out of temper, I said no more, but felt pained and annoyed, the more so as Margaret's sad, reproachful face tormented my memory.

I could not sleep that night. The bed seemed a place of unrest. After various fruitless efforts at sleep, I rose and seated myself at the window. 'Twas one of those clear star-lit nights, so solemn and still, yet full of that majesty and grandeur that speaks of a higher and loftier state. My thoughts were gradually settling themselves into calmness, when I heard a quick, ominous

"Hist, hist!"

The voice sounded quite near my window. Holding my breath in a sort of romantic excitement, I remained motionless; again,

"Hist, hist, Margaret."

Ah, this is the brave lover, I thought, and, in my soul, longed to further his scheme.

Immediately, before my thoughts could assume anything like determined method, a pistol was fired from the adjoining window! A half moment of stillness, I fancied—perhaps 'twas only fancy—that I heard a low, shrill cry of pain, like the whistle of the keen autumn wind, then all was fatally still. A moment more, I threw up my window. A voice spoke from the next room—

"Don't be alarmed—'twas I who fired at that negro Jack, who has been lurking round the house for the last hour, trying to see Margaret."

It was the nephew who spoke.

"Shame, shame!" I cried.

"Nonsense and foolery," he muttered between his half-closed teeth.

The next morning, poor Margaret looked more forlorn than ever. She seemed not to have life enough for ordinary movement. I can even now painfully recall that picture of utter, hopeless, unspeaking dejection. It seemed to say, more plainly than words, "There is no eye to look kindly, no tongue to speak hope, no ear to listen with pity to my desolate and breaking heart."

My eyes followed her, whithersoever she moved about the room, but she did not notice me. Alas! she was too busy then with the dreadful purpose of her soul to heed me or my unavailing sympathy.

Various sarcasms were passed at the breakfast-table, between Mrs. F. and the nephew, upon the night's adventure.

"I guess I wounded him," said the young man.

"I hope his trips here are at last stopped," put in the invalid, in her usually languid manner.

Margaret did not seem to hear them, but moved about her duties in a mechanical sort of way, with eyes from which hope, speculation and life itself had fled.

In the course of the day we learned from a neighbor that Jack had been shot in the heel, and was likely to be severely punished by his master for the night's adventure. This news created amusement and gossip at our house, particularly among the servants, and Margaret was the subject of many a cruel and bitter jest.

I tried to talk with her, speaking kindly and sympathizingly, but received from her the coldest and most indifferent replies; and this was not surprising, as the hour for sympathy had gone by. Her moment of trial and soul-conflict was upon her. She had nothing more to do with me or my race. Girding herself up with that determination which destitute, lonely souls can only know, she could afford, from her stand-point, to look down with contempt and cold disregard upon my poor words.

"That ar gal is gwine to do somthin' desperate," said an old negro woman to me, speaking of Margaret. I apprehended the same, but I could not, dared not say, "Watch her." I felt then, and feel now, that she ought to be left to do what she pleased.

I had another wretched, wakeful night, with Margaret's tortured face haunting me as a troubled vision, and was indeed glad to hail the first brightening in the east. How the stir of day, even the gray break of dawn, drives out fear and fancy. I sat at my window and watched the magnificent sunrise with feelings more of awe than of pleasure; yet 'twas a relief to *feel* that Night had gone, with all its grim, black shadows. On going down to breakfast, I was surprised to find the household in a good deal of excitement.

"Oh, don't you think Margaret has *hung* herself?" met my ear on all sides, from the frightened negroes.

Though this announcement shocked, I cannot say that it altogether surprised me; for what will not the desperate soul venture upon?

"Where did you find her?" I asked of one of the negro women.

"Oh, La! she hung herself in one of the out stables, with a bit of rope, and she was clean dead and cold when I found her."

"She has been driven to this, and her b'ood is not upon her own hands."

"Oh, La! she must have done it herself," replied the woman, not understanding me.

Mrs. F. grew faint when the news was told to her, and begged that the body might not be brought upon the house grounds. After issuing one or two orders, she requested that the subject might not be again mentioned in her presence, as it made her very *nervous!*

When Mr. F. returned, he expended a few choice oaths upon the event, and, with a grim sarcasm, advised the other slaves, whenever they felt like doing the same, to announce it to him, when he should gladly furnish them with *rope*. But he did not altogether like the loss of property. I could see, notwithstanding his declaration that the "place was rid of a nuisance," he would have preferred exchanging that "nuisance" for eight or nine hundred dollars.

In a bitter conversation with me, he recommended "the affair as a fine case of broken heart, worthy of a poetical celebration."

Alas, that dark and homely tragedy required no verse to take from or add to its grim and fearful horrors!

Margaret was buried hastily in a rough grave, and her name was never mentioned afterwards, save in mystic whispers by the frightened slaves, as they cowered over their cabin-fires in lonely winter evenings.

But often, since that day, have I fancied that the wail of her breaking heart was heard in the sad refrain of the autumn wind, or the sharp and deathly shriek of the winter storm, as it swept around that cottage in the valley. Who shall not say that, after life's terrible chill, she sleeps warmly?

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

THE Twenty-third Anti-Slavery Fair of Pennsylvania will be opened, in Sansom Hall, Philadelphia, on Tuesday, the 14th of December, and will continue open during the following three days.

The claims of this Fair need not, now, to be urged upon the Abolitionists of Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, and Delaware. The Managers wish only to *remind* these, their coadjutors, that the time has arrived when donations of all kinds will be gladly received and may be forwarded to the Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Office, No. 107 North Fifth street, or to any of the managers of the Fair.

Products of the farm, the garden and the dairy are especially requested, as they always command a prompt sale, at market prices. Manufactured articles or materials for manufacture, Groceries, Foreign Fruits, Flour, etc., will be very acceptable contributions. Gifts of Books, Stationery and Toys are particularly desired.

Contributions to the Refreshment Table may be sent in the form of Cake, Pies, Bread, Ice Cream, Oysters, Cold Meats, Milk, Cream, Butter, etc., etc.

The Managers trust that their friends in the country will not forget to obtain a supply of Evergreens, to add to the beauty and attractiveness of the Saloon. Let each who feels interested in our enterprise do what he or she can find to do for its promotion, though it be only by a small contribution to our Fair. The gift shall not only be serviceable in furnishing money for our treasury, but, if bestowed from love to the slave and to the cause of Freedom, it shall bless the soul of the giver. M. G.

FRANCE, PORTUGAL, ENGLAND.—With all the varied appliances and means of communicating intelligence which distinguish the nineteenth century, slavery is occasionally a match for them all. By making freedom of speech, freedom of the press and freedom of association penal, all that steam power and electricity can do are nullified, and Liberty left for a brief moment even more defenceless than in the earlier times, when she depended exclusively on force for her existence. The present is of such hours of seeming retrogression. For a clear and just view of the hour as it bears on England, France and Portugal, the reader is referred to a previous column, selected from *The Traveller*, a Boston journal, where articles of much value are often to be found.

Laying the blame on despotic censorship, we ought, however, to remark that in this article justice is hardly done to the young King of Portugal, when it is said that he "throws himself on the mercy" of the slave-trader, Louis Napoleon, for the original Portuguese official despatch on the subject has the words—"PORTUGAL PROTESTS"—which no French paper is permitted to reproduce.

Portugal submits, protesting, because she has no means of resistance, to the indignities and wrongs inflicted on her through the slave-trading French despot and the time-serving British Cabinet; and the world, as far as the former can prevent the knowledge, is kept in ignorance of the facts, while the moment for action goes by.

Will the world submit to be outraged by a few slave-traders? Is all the honor in the world absolutely confined to the Abolitionists? It seems so for the time—*but the time is short.*

MARYLAND PIETY.—We lately published the proceedings of a Convention of slaveholders held at Cambridge, Md., at which a scheme was devised for the expulsion or enslavement of the free colored population of that State, and sentiments of the most inhuman character were shamelessly avowed. It seems that in that Convention there were several prominent members of evangelical Churches, the Methodist Church *North* included. The Rev. J. D. Long, who is well acquainted in the region where the Convention was held, in a letter to *The Northern Independent*, gives us this information:

"From Talbot County, among others, was Dr. E. M. Hardcastle, a Presbyterian; Dorchester County, Hon. James A. Steward, the son of a Methodist, and a large slaveholder both in Maryland and Texas; Samuel Pattison and Dr. Phelps, both prominent laymen in the M. E. Church. The following individuals, with others, were appointed to frame an address to the citizens of the State on the objects of the Convention.

"Dr. Phelps, of Dorchester; Judge E. F. Chambers, of Kent. Judge Chambers is one of the most talented and conspicuous laymen in the Protestant Episcopal Church. *One of the most painful things connected with the Convention was that the leading men in it are among the most influential in the Methodist Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches in that section of the State.* Could a set of professed Atheists have done worse?"

The men who thus proposed, for the better protection of slave property, to reduce 70,000 free colored people to slavery, will not, on that account, lose their Christian (!) reputation at the North; and yet the crime which they have conceived in their hearts is less infernal than piracy or highway robbery.

MEETINGS IN PHILADELPHIA.—On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 15th, 16th and 17th inst., in the afternoon, there will be held, simultaneously with the Fair, and in the same building (Sansom Hall), a series of anti-slavery meetings, to be addressed by William Wells Brown, Lucretia Mott, Robert Purvis, Mary Grew, Robert Collyer, Edward M. Davis, J. Miller McKim and others. There is much in the present aspects of the cause that is calculated to excite lively discussion and give zest to these meetings and it is hoped they will be largely attended.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, of Hartford, Conn., furnished fifty poor families in Boston with turkeys or fowls and pumpkin pies, of the best quality, too, for a Thanksgiving dinner.

"Peter" writes from Boston to *The Evening Post*:

"Charles Sumner's recent letters renew the hope that he may speedily recover. He has engaged rooms at Washington for the winter, and means to be at his post once more at the comencement of the session."

The venerable Alexander von Humboldt has been suffering from an attack of influenza, which, to a man in his 90th year, is a trying ordeal to pass through. By the latest accounts it appears that his recovery was proceeding, and that he had been sufficiently restored to be able to resume his pen.

The Rev. Theodore Parker is again confined to his house by serious illness. He attended a funeral at Southboro' on Wednesday, the 24th ult., rode a short distance in an open wagon, and, on his return, gained the cars while in motion, straining himself by the exertion in such a manner as to bring on another attack of his painful disease.

Wm. H. Burleigh, Esq., has been elected to deliver the poem before Phi Beta Kappa Society of the University of Vermont, at its next anniversary. Mr. B. will devote the winter months to Lyceum lecturing, and may be addressed by those desiring his services, at Albany, N. Y.

The venerable Joshua R. Giddings gave us a call one day last week. He was going to Providence and Boston, to fulfil certain lecturing engagements before the meeting of Congress. His health is much improved, while his spirit is as buoyant and hopeful as it was the first hour that he enlisted in the warfare against slavery. He does not see eye to eye with us in some important points, but we do not on that account the less appreciate the valuable service he has done the anti-slavery cause during the almost twenty years that he has occupied a seat in Congress, nor the less admire the honesty and bravery which have characterized his public career.

The Republicans of Madison and adjoining counties in Kentucky lately presented to Cassius M. Clay an elegant hickory cane, cut upon Kentucky soil. The cane was mounted with a gold head-piece, inscribed: "Presented to C. M. Clay, by the Republicans of Kentucky, 1858." On the cane were cut the initials of the thirteen original States on thirteen knots with silver plates. On the sides of the head-piece was engraved the following distich:

"To C. M. Clay, the poor man's friend,
Who said, 'Kill me, but spare my men.'"

A correspondent of *The Evening Post*, writing from Boston, says:

"Among the pleasant things connected with *The Atlantic Monthly* is the Atlantic Club, composed of the contributors to the *Monthly*—who meet once a month over one of Parker's best dinners, and enjoy themselves in a way becoming modern Athenians. Some inkling of the wit and wisdom which finds the daylight, around the Club's ample mahogany, may be gathered from a mention of the names of Emerson, Lowell and

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 29th, 1858.

YOUR notice of the anti-slavery addresses delivered at Eagleswood induces me to say that I visited that interesting community last week, and was, as a matter of course, very much pleased. As an educational establishment, I know of no place like it or equal to it. *Education* there is understood in the original and best sense of the word. To *lead out*, not to cram in; to open the windows of the mind and aid in the development of the faculties; to train and subject to proper discipline all the powers of the being; this is the end and these the aims of the teachers at Eagleswood.

The Principal of the school is well known to you, and used to be as well known to most of your readers. An impression prevails that he is greatly changed; and in some respects this is true. The frosts of twenty additional winters have whitened his locks, and his long gray beard gives him the aspect of a patriarch. His opinions, too, have ripened into a corresponding maturity. He has dropped some of his early forms of faith and practice, just as the grown man leaves behind him the insufficient garments of his youth; but in all essential respects THEODORE D. WELD is the same man now that he was in the beginning, when he labored so effectively to launch the anti-slavery enterprise. He is characterized by the same deep religious spirit, the same fervor of feeling and of expression, the same implicit faith in God and abiding trust in the right, that distinguished him in those days and gave him a leading prominence among his coadjutors. His relation to the anti-slavery movement is not what it used to be, but his hatred of American slavery has undergone no dimunition. It is as intense as when he brought against it the "Testimony of a Thousand Witnesses," and clinched their deposition with his splendid argument from "Public Opinion." His love of freedom is broader and more impartial than when he wrote his Bible view of the slave question, and as sincere and unselfish as it was when he said to those who would eulogize him: "Let us strike a level above which no Abolitionist shall raise his head; let us drop a curtain behind which every friend of the cause shall work and there dig his grave."

THEODORE WELD and his wife ANGELINA GRIMKE WELD have been censured for their abrupt withdrawal from the anti-slavery movement, and for their seclusion of themselves, for so long a time, from other works of unpopular reform; and the regret is now sometimes expressed that, by their present employment, they do circumscribe their field of usefulness. With regard to the first I have nothing to say. It is a thing of the past, and to their own Master they stand or fall. But as to the second—the regret—I would suggest that the circumscription deplored may be more apparent than real. Usefulness is a hard thing to measure. The man who, in the exercise of his best judgment feels himself to be in the line of his duty and the way of his mission, is doing more good than he could in any other situation. That Mr. Weld has this consciousness of doing and being what duty and fitness require of him, no one that knows him will doubt. This being the case, the question of usefulness is solved. His sphere may be limited, and doubtless is; but how far from the centre the circumscribing line is to be drawn, who can tell?

We are always in danger of mistakes when we assume to assign to others their orbit, or to prescribe to them the precise manner in which they shall move. If we set forth in clear light the demands of eternal principle, and these demands be acknowledged and acquiesced in, our responsibility in that direction is at an end. The precise mode in which obedience is to be yielded becomes a matter of opinion, and one on which each man has not only a right, but is best qualified, to judge for himself.

THEODORE WELD is a natural teacher. He was made to have disciples. At Oneida Institute, he did as much as BERIAH GREEN, and that is saying a good deal, to mould and fashion the minds of the scholars. At Lane Seminary, Dr. Beecher was President, but he was the controlling spirit of the institution. At the Convention of Agents in 1836, when the "Seventy" sat in conclave for two weeks, in New York, canvassing, for their mutual benefit, the various questions of anti-slavery doctrine and measures, THEODORE WELD was chosen by spontaneous instinct to act as instructor. Teaching is his natural function.

I said that at Eagleswood the idea of education was accepted in its broadest and most comprehensive sense. It is the aim of the Principal of that Institution, by precept and example, and the most assiduous devotion on his own part, aided by the cooperation of an accomplished corps of teachers, to develop symmetrically all the faculties of the young beings committed to his charge. The intellect and heart, the eye and the ear, the hands, feet and whole muscular system, are joint sharers, each in its proportion, in the educating processes there going on. English in all its branches; every good work of reform; French, Latin and Greek; proficiency in all the Christian graces; music, drawing and dancing; rowing, swimming and general gymnastics—all are comprised in the end and aims of the Eagleswood course. You will not wonder, then, that, in speaking of this establishment, I should have said that in my knowledge there was no place like it, or, for its purpose, equal to it.

On reading over what I have written, it strikes me that I may incur the suspicion of attempting a "first-rate notice"; but I will be exonerated from this when I add that the establishment stands in no need of such aid, as all the seats in the school are filled, and every suite of rooms in the mansion, spacious as it is, is occupied. The occupants, I may add for those not acquainted with the place, are parents who are residing there to superintend in person the education of their children, and literary or other intellectual people who are drawn thither by the attraction of elective affinity.

A number of incidents, inviting remark at the time, have turned up since I last wrote you, but absence from my desk has prevented my noticing them. This is our working season in the lecturing field, and all hands must turn to and help. From numerous quarters come solicitations for meetings, and we must do what we can to supply the demand.

We have had two lectures in this city lately by GEORGE W. CURTIS, both got up by the "People's Literary Institute." The first was upon "Democracy and Education"; the second was entitled "Fair Play for Woman." The latter, by the way, is to be repeated before the "Literary Congress" next Monday evening. These lectures have been in all respects most cheering. They were able, polished, eloquent and deeply impressive. Being pleas for genuine democracy and universal education, and for the rights of woman, they were of course cogent arguments for impartial freedom every where and to all classes. HENRY WARD BEECHER has also been lecturing to us, with similar power and corresponding effect. The most immense crowds of people, including many of the most intelligent, have attended the meetings of these two gentlemen.

JOHN P. HALE has likewise been here on a lecturing mission, but on this occasion he failed to do himself justice. His discourse evinced lack of preparation, and in boldness of tone it fell rather below the mark. On Thursday next we are to have Hon. ANSON BURLINGAME, and, soon after that HORACE MANN. And in the course of next month—the precise time is not yet fixed upon—we are to be visited and lectured to by a lady who is a stranger to these shores, but who comes so well introduced as to excite a lively expectation. I allude to Madame MARIO, late Miss JESSIE MERITON WHITE, an English lady of fine accomplishments, who has devoted herself to the cause of Italy. Her private letters of introduction, which are corroborated by the public journals of England, speak of her as a woman of surpassing eloquence, comparable to Kossuth, and able to satisfy the most fastidious audiences. Her themes will be Italy and the Papacy, Orsini and Louis Napoleon, and such like.

Mr. Seward's Rochester speech still plagues our politicians. Some of our Republicans—perhaps I ought to call them *pseudo* Republicans—are as much shocked as Bennett of *The Herald* at the Senator's "ultraism." They don't like the idea of having him as candidate; they want a "conservative" man; one who is "anti-slavery in feeling," but "opposed to abolition"; that is anti-slavery in the abstract, but in the concrete in favor of allowing slavery to be perpetuated. Besides, they don't like the name *Republican*; it savors of *Free Soil*, and that again is associated with *Liberty party*, which is suggestive of *Abolition*. The *People's party* they seem to think "a more tenderer word." It is not odious, can't be called sectional and may be made to comprehend all classes. For our Philadelphia leaders would have you know that there are "other interests" besides those of freedom which ought to be looked after. "Iron," for instance (foreign missions, consulships and the like). They ask, therefore, for a taking name for the party and a popular candidate to lead it. The "*People's party*" is the appellation they prefer. Next year it can be called the *American* People's party, and the next after that the *Democratic* American People's party. By that time the resources of political nomenclature will be about exhausted and they can return and begin again at the beginning.

As for a candidate, Mr. Bell or Mr. Crittenden would be their preference, but they would be willing to compromise on Judge McLean. But as for a man who would push his views to such an extreme as to hold that liberty and slavery can't coëxist in the same country without exterminating conflict, he is not for a moment to be thought of. They wish to have nothing to do with such a man—but to get the votes of his supporters. Freedom is well enough in its place, but there are "other interests" to be cared for. "First seek *these things*, and the kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness shall be added unto you!" This is our Philadelphia politicians' reading of the Gospel injunction. M.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXXXVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent on his silence—And on the Election past—Also on that to come—He criticizeth the Republicans and showeth the lay of the land—Dr. Smith turns up again—Account of Mr. Museum Kimball—The Correspondent on the Maine Liquor Law—Also on Bonner, Everett & Co., and the prospects of that firm—He is unpatriotic and concludeth, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, Nov. 30th, 1858.

I FIND by consulting my file of STANDARDS that I have not written to you since the first day of this hanging month, and now it is the last. It is of no particular consequence, as I have had nothing particular to say. How can you expect a man to have anything left who has sent you two hundred and thirty-seven letters? It is not to be supposed that he can have much brains left—or much that is not, like Touchstone's, "as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage." I see that I was then busy in telling the fortune of the politicians about to engage in the tussle of the election, and I am happy to find that I divined wisely and prophesied that which hath indeed come to pass. But as you have known all about it so long that you have forgotten it, it is of no use to try and make any epistolary capital out of that. There was some very good fun, I remember, though I cannot recollect the particulars, attending the utter defeat and discomfiture of the allied armies of Democrats, Know-Nothings and Whigs, who come within the category of defunct humanities, of whom I am told Swedenborg says that they often are dead for years without ever having found it out. Indeed, *The Courier* cyphered it out that they were not only not dead, but actually in the majority; because, if everybody who might vote and didn't had voted with them, the Republicans would have been defeated! But this is all ancient history now, so we will let it go to join the ages before the flood.

We are getting ready for the Municipal Election here next week. How it will go is beyond even my conjuration. But I will be bold to say that, had the Republicans, immediately after their victory in the State, nominated their candidates for Municipal offices, they would have carried them without any very strenuous opposition. Now they have given all the elements they then confounded time to rally and recover themselves, and it is hard to say what description of scum will come uppermost when the political pot begins to boil. They have thrown in some odd ingredients already. There is a party of gentlemen who were obliging enough last year to, select the candidates for the City offices, who were elected. They have done the citizens the same kind office this year again and proposed a second trial of the prescription they then made up. I dare say the present Mayor, Mr. Lincoln is a very worthy citizen; but as his name has never been mentioned excepting as signed to the Manifesto of the Resurrectionist Whigs, I presume he has not made any enemies by inordinate activity in office. I hardly think he will be the choice of the second thought of the citizens. But the funniest thing in this line has been a People's Meeting—a Meeting of very *queer* people, I should say—who have nominated Dr. J. V. C. Smith, the Burns Mayor, who was summarily kicked out of the City Hall four years ago, with the most eminent unanimity for an election this year! And he has accepted the nomination! It is no wonder that, like the Philosopher of Islington, who had "scratched out both his eyes" by jumping into a "bramble-bush," he should wish "to scratch them in again"; but he should imitate the example of that "wondrous wise" man and try the virtue of jumping into "another bush." It is no use trying this one again.

The newspapers have come in since I wrote the last paragraph, and I see that the Republicans have selected Mr. Moses Kimball as their candidate. This gentleman has made a large fortune by the Boston Museum. He was the first in the country, I believe, to unite the attraction of theatrical representations with that of Fejee Mermaids and Giants and Dwarfs. He began some fifteen years ago, at the time the Washingtonian Temperance Movement was a prominent thing, and produced a drama called "The Drunkard," which proved greatly remunerative. It is said that there is a private corner in all kinds of human nature, in which there may be found stowed away the love of a play. Nothing else, some philosophers assert, can account for the theatre never ceasing from off the earth, and for its springing up everywhere, as soon as the emigrants to a new country have any time and money to spare. "The Drunkard" was a Moral Drama, of course, and it was voted to be entirely proper for pious persons to assist at it, as the French say, and to carry their families. So godly ministers, and grave professors, and solemn deacons used to flock to the Museum, and have the satisfaction of feeling that they were doing God service while they enjoyed the long forbidden fruit of a play. It was quite the opposite of the pleasure for which Dartinenp, whose love for ham-pie Pope has made immortal, used to sigh, viz., that he had been born a Jew, that he might have the pleasure of eating ham and sinning at the same time. From the success of "The Drunkard" the Museum was encouraged to go on enlarging its phylacteries until it became, long since, a regular theatre, playing all sorts of things that people, whether saints or sinners, desired to see. And it is said to be one of the few theatrical establishments, if not the only one, in the country that has never lost money in the worst of times. It is no more than just to say that its collections are really good, as a Museum, and well worth visiting and examining.

It is rumored that there is to be a new Coalition between the Republicans and the Democrats on this occasion; that the latter will accept Mr. Kimball as their candidate, on condition of having a fair share of the Aldermen and Common Councilmen. If they can so far recover from the horror into which they were thrown by the coalition which elected Gov. Boutwell and Senator Sumner as to come into this little arrangement, the success of the ticket would be assured. The extreme Temperance party are in the field in the hope of compelling the nomination of some man favorable to the execution of the Maine Law. Of course, they are not strong enough to elect a candidate of their own, and an attempt to do it would probably result in the election of the very worst man for their purpose. Their misfortune is that they have *too* good a law. Their two-handed sword of Justice is so heavy and so sharp that it can't be used—at least in the large cities. There never was a stronger proof of the utter inefficacy of mere law where it does not express the sense of those whom it is to affect. In consequence of this condition of things, the multiplication of drinking-shops has enormously increased, and, to all appearance, there never was so thriving a business done by that trade. Everybody desires the suppression of these nuisances—at least so large a number that they may be called everybody—and are willing to unite in measures for this purpose; but everybody is not ready to have the law take its full sweep and smite every one that comes in its range impartially. I don't defend the feeling, but its existence is a fact, and should be taken notice of by those making laws. The fact is, the sale of wine by wine-merchants and by hotel-keepers is not regarded by the community at large as an offence deserving of disgraceful punishment; because the effect of their traffic, though legally of the same nature as that carried on by the grog-shops, is not in point of fact so clearly mischievous; and while this is the general feeling, it is in vain to expect convictions and punishments. But I cannot enter on the discussion of this question, though I have my own opinions as to the line of effectual legislation, which shall be at the service of any legislator in want of ideas, on moderate terms.

We, of course, have had our share in the amusement which the country has enjoyed at the sight of the martyrdom to which Mr. Everett has been subjected by the new Bonner of these times. I doubt whether any of the victims of the old Marian Bishop of that name was ever more thoroughly roasted than our pet orator. I don't think that the sufferer knew what he was going to encounter. He was like a young bear, as the sailors say, with all his troubles to come. Nothing could be more naturally and necessarily comic than the enlistment of Mr. Everett in the ragged regiment that serves under the flag of Bonner, and it is no wonder that the country shook with laughter till its great sides ached again. But though everybody laughed at Mr. Everett, all the world felt that respect for Mr. Bonner which a successful *coup* is sure to win, even if a little sharp, and indeed all the more for that. Though this one was not sharp, in any evil sense. He had a perfect right to engage Mr. Everett or any one else he could prevail upon to write for him, and there can be no doubt of the financial success of this stratagem. I have never bought a *Ledger* yet; but I certainly shall as soon as the first number of the Mount Vernon Papers is announced. And I suppose there are a good hundred thousand free and enlightened citizens just in my case. If so, I reckon that Bonner will get back his investment in Everett stock in precisely two weeks. All after that will be clear gain. So it was a shrewd hit of Sancho Panza Bonner to join himself to Don Quixote Everett in his adventure for the rescue of the Castle of Mount Vernon, or its ruins, from the hands of the caitiff that holds it—if, indeed, it be not rather a tilt at the Windmill that is in hand. There was never an attempt of the kind that had so little sympathy as this. Nobody cares anything about its being done, though many do not care enough about it to refuse their dollar, if a lady friend demands it. But a more impudent *scrouge* was never attempted, and, if it succeeds, it will prove that the American people are as gullible as ever was John Bull, from whom we sprung. If they consent to pay $200,000 for barren land that would be dear at $5,000, they should henceforth be free from the reproach of over-sharpness at a bargain. And as four-fifths of the money, if raised at all, will come out of Northern pockets and go to enable John A. Washington to buy a plantation well stocked with fat and healthy negroes, such as the soul of Patriot Mitchel sighed for, the subscribers, at least, should be held to be as free from Northern prejudices as Mr. Webster himself could have desired. In fact, Mount Vernon, in its present condition, is the very most instructive lesson that could be held up before Virginia and the people of the country. It would be a pity to go in and spoil it now. D. Y.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY-SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

THE undersigned, who have, for so many years, done what they could to promote the ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE, financially and otherwise, through the medium of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will, as usual, hold their (twenty-fifth) Anniversary at the close of the year, with the same purpose of still further strengthening the beneficial influences of that Society, moral, religious and political, for the extinction of slavery.

At the beginning, before the principles of the cause were understood, we could not, with the slightest hope of success, ask of the public, whose affair it is no less than our own, direct contributions of money. We therefore devised an Annual Bazaar for the sale of contributions of articles; and it afforded an opportunity of great usefulness, both financial and social, to the cause.

But the changed state of the public mind now suggests greater directness in the method and increase in the usefulness of this anniversary; and we propose, this year, to give our usual sums and take up our accustomed collections by direct cash subscription; and we entreat the friends, both at home and abroad, who have been wont to cooperate with us, to do the same, nothing doubting the result will much exceed the sum ($3,000) raised last year.

To our Southern friends we present this prospect with increased hope of their cooperation in consequence. For, as none better than they know what slavery and the daily increasing risks of its tenure are, so none have a deeper concern in seeking the most effectual means of putting an end to this common sin and suffering of our native land.

The money we have annually raised has been hitherto employed to sustain the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But, following the recent indication of the Executive Committee, in making individual efforts to place that paper on a self-supporting subscription basis, we shall enable them to devote the result of our *joint* financial effort to sustain eloquent and faithful lecturers, now so much needed, and in far greater numbers than heretofore.

By this plan we may accomplish double the amount of service to our cause, and thus furnish its friends and our own with a two-fold motive to continue and increase their contributions.

No words from us at this late day are needed to stimulate a *prudent* generosity by description of all the means that go to change the mind and the heart of a great nation on the central question of its policy; or to kindle a *sublime* one by commendation of a cause identified with every thought that is ennobling and holy, with every hope that is august and magnificent, with every memory that is precious and sainted, with every idea that is consoling and beautiful, with every effort that is enlightening and beneficent, with every association that history, or poetry, or patriotism, or philanthropy, or Christianity, or life or death, have sanctified and blessed.

We cordially and respectfully invite the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, *the world over*, to meet with us at the close of the year (time and place named hereafter), to receive our subscriptions, our good wishes and our thanks; and to unite with us on an occasion which, as the end of one quarter of a century of labours and the beginning of another, will be of no ordinary commemorative interest and prospective significance to THE CAUSE.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	AUGUSTA G. KING,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	ELIZABETH VON ARMIN,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	ANNA SHAW GREENE,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ELIZA H. APTHORP,
MARY WILLEY,	MATTIE GRIFFITH,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER.

WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.—The Fall River (MASS.) journals speak well of a lecture upon West India Emancipation lately delivered in that place by Rev. C. W. Denison. The *Monitor* says:

"The Inquiry, Has not Empancipation in the West Indies proved a failure? was met, and boldly too, and answered in a manner that must have satisfied the most skeptical that, rather than a failure, it has proved, in every way, one of those great successes that mark the more important epochs in the world's history."

The *Beacon* says:

"Mr. Denison has addressed the Vermont Legislature on this important subject, which body passed a unanimous resolution approving the matter and manner of the lecture. He is to speak at Aquidneck Hall, Newport, this evening (Nov. 24)."

We have spoken in terms of severe condemnation of Mr. Denison's course in former years, as evincing a want of integrity; but we can, in the spirit of Christian charity, bid him "go and sin no more," and if he can, by his personal testimony, convince any portion of the public that emancipation has worked well in the West Indies, we shall rejoice in the good thus effected.

METHODISM IN NEW YORK.—A Methodist correspondent of *The Northern Independent*, writing from this city, confirms what we lately said of the course pursued by Methodists here toward the Rev. Mr. Bleby:

"It must be recorded, as a matter of sorrowful and shameful history, that, although Mr. Bleby is a Wesleyan missionary of our English Methodist Church, although he proposed to say nothing about American slavery, yet, inasmuch as his remarks would in their tendency favor the cause of emancipation, *Mr. Bleby could not obtain a hearing in any Methodist Episcopal Church in New York City!* This fact I record as a blot of indelible blackness on the page of our history. For this, I think that not our ministry but our laity stand darkly responsible. Our metropolitan laity, educated by the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, in the hands of such men as Dr. Bond and Dr. Peck, bound by mercenary and social relations to the South, hate the doctrines of John Wesley and English Methodism, in regard to slavery, and hate the truth so firmly as to shut the door against it. With a number of our ministry who bask in their smiles, they are becoming exiled from the respect and sympathies of our anti-slavery Church at large. But bad as the moral condition of our New York Churches is on this subject, there is a 'lower deep' to which I think they have not sunk. When the notorious Parson Brownlow was in Philadelphia, the papers say that Dr. Joseph Castle, on Sunday, invited that person into his pulpit! No New York pulpit has, to my knowledge, been so badly disgraced."

RUSSIA.—The Emperor Alexander has addressed the Nobility of Moscow in grave and severe terms—so say the latest European journals—on the apathy they have displayed in reference to the abolition of serfdom. The President of the United States gives his rebukes quite a different direction.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD has, with commendable candor, quoted our remarks upon the interest shown in Mr. Bleby's representations in New England. Our letter from New York last week shows that there are some Methodists, even there, not so bigoted as to keep their eyes shut against facts.—*Zion's Herald.*

We should have been better pleased if *Zion's Herald* had *imitated* our "commendable candor" by permitting its readers to see the remarks which we felt constrained to make in reply to what it said about the course pursued by "Methodists generally" toward Mr. Bleby.

NOT GUILTY.—John Joseph Simpkins, mate of the schooner Keziah, whose captain (Bayliss, from Wilmington, Del.) was lately sentenced to the Virginia penitentiary for attempting to carry off five slaves from Petersburg, has, after being tried three times upon the charge of aiding and abetting in the abduction, been declared not guilty. The jury, after pronouncing their verdict, presented the unfortunate man with their "fees of service," which he gratefully received.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 757, opens with a critical notice of the works of Dickens, from the *National Review*, and contains, besides much else that is readable, a review, from the London *Quarterly*, of the Life of James Watt. Stanford & Delisser, 508 Broadway.

VERMONT.—The Legislature, to our great disappointment, has adjourned without passing a Personal Liberty law. Particulars next week.

Summary.

FREE NEGROES IN NORTH CAROLINA.—A bill has been reported in the North Carolina Legislature to remove the free colored population from that State.

A missionary in the Chinese waters having distributed several copies of the Ten Commandments on shore, they were sent back the next day, with the request that they might be distributed among the French and English; for the tracts contained admirable doctrines, and those people evidently much needed them.

A NEW ADDRESS FROM MR. EVERETT.—A commemorative address on the life and character of the late Thomas Dowse, of Cambridgeport, will be delivered by Mr. Everett, at the solicitation of the Massachusetts Historical Society, early in December. Mr. Dowse gave his library to this society, and it has been recently arranged in their rooms.

FROM AFRICA.—*Boston, November* 26.—A letter received at Salem, dated Goree, west coast of Africa, states that it was very sickly on that coast, and that a French war-steamer had lost twenty-five men within two weeks. An armed boat from the same steamer had impressed a French sailor from the brig Rockingham, of Salem. The letter was dated October 12.

NEWBURYPORT.—The *Herald* says that a pretty fair-looking piece of human property, about 25 years old, that, at the quoted rates, we should judge would be worth seven or eight hundred dollars in Baltimore, passed through that place on Tuesday. He was making his way up towards Canada, shivering in the cold north wind, and is now on the last line of railroad that will help him forward.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S LECTURE.—Bayard Taylor lectured in the New Hall, Kennett Square, on Tuesday evening, and notwithstanding the muddy roads and bad weather, the house was filled long before the time announced for the lecture to commence. His subject was "Life in the North." We understand that the proceeds of this lecture, which were about $100, are to be devoted to charitable purposes.

THE MILFORD LITERARY ASSOCIATION ON SLAVERY.—On Friday night the question, "*Ought Gradual Emancipation to be inaugurated in Delaware,*" was thoroughly and well debated in the Library room by the members of the Milford Literary Association.

There were good debaters on both sides, but the affirmative had the strong side, and of course triumphed. It was decided that *it ought to be inaugurated.*—*Milford (Del.) News and Advertiser.*

THE WHIPPING POST.—The Sheriff of New Castle County, Delaware, or his deputy, will shortly have an extensive job of whipping to perform. At the late court in that county, no less than seven persons were convicted of criminal offences, and in addition to the fines and imprisonment imposed, some of them are to be sold, and receive from eight to twenty lashes each. One of the convicted—a *woman*—found guilty of stealing a small sum of money and a few articles of wearing apparel from a person with whom she tarried all night, is to receive ten lashes, and to be sold, within the State, for a period not exceeding seven years.—*Del. Co. (Pa.) Repub.*

EVERETT AND THE LEDGER.—The Boston correspondent of *The Evening Post* is a wag in his way. He says:

"Since Edward Everett's connection with the *Ledger*, the circulation and character of that paper have wonderfully improved among our fastidious gentry. It is reported that the faculty of Harvard College have it in contemplation to subscribe for a thousand copies for the use of the students of that institution. Mr. Everett's previous connection with the College renders such a scheme eminently proper, and his chaste and classic style will doubtless do much to improve and elevate the tone of reading and writing among the young gentlemen of the University."

A CHANCE FOR SHOWMEN.—The Hon. Edward Everett is, we take it, a weak man, notwithstanding his oratorical reputation. His recent assent to the proposition to give the *eclat* of his name to an advertising scheme of the *New York Ledger*—a bloody-and-thundery, milky-and-waterish literary compound of ridiculous pretence and Miss Nancyisms—shows that Mr. Everett has but little regard for own dignity. It is much to be regretted that Barnum is in Europe. He would probably, by an offer of twenty thousand dollars to be paid to the Mount Vernon fund, induce the Hon. Edward Everett to sing a comic song at his Museum three times a week, and deliver his celebrated lecture on Washington every night.—*Phil. Sunday Dispatch.*

THE SKATING EPIDEMIC.—Young and middle-aged New York have heard with emotions bordering on ecstacy of the fine skating ground which is to be provided for them on Central Park; the Commissioners furnishing the water and Zero the freeze. In Boston a plan is afoot to flood the lower portion of Boston Common for the benefit of the skaters and skatresses who were unable to get out to the suburban ponds last winter. In Buffalo, some gentlemen residing on Delaware avenue have hired the vacant lots on the corner of Virginia street, which have an area of fifty-two thousand square feet, which they propose to fence in and floor with ice.

COMING AT LAST.—The Charleston *News* says "the South has but one thing to do, and that is to prepare at once for a Southern Confederacy, and decisively proceed to form it. At the assembling of Congress, in a few weeks, let the Southern members convene in open meeting, plant their feet, and announce the determination." Many of the Southern members of Congress have to be very careful where they plant their feet after dinner, as they don't always stand very firmly—Keitt, for instance. But, if they are really going to dissolve the Union this time, we wish they would go at it and make less bluster. We think there is hemp enough in the country yet to use in their cases.—*Boston Bee.*

JOHN M. CLAYTON AND SLAVERY IN DELAWARE.—We were informed a few days ago, by an old and intimate friend of Delaware's favorite son, that he had, something previous to his death, formed the design of bringing the subject of emancipation before the people of this State, and consulted with his friends in relation to the proper plan of presenting it. The keen eye of the good old statesman saw Delaware as she is and saw what she ought to be, and also saw the burden which still continues to press out her vitality, and formed the design of closing his eventful life by an effort to relieve her. We look at the likeness of Clayton now hanging over our table and can see an additional ray of honor crowning his brow.—*Milford (Del.) News and Advertiser.*

SOUTHERN METHODIST CHURCH.—At the recent session of the Missouri Conference, a gentleman was admitted on trial, in the travelling connection, who was the owner of a neat, sleek little negro boy, about eight years of age. Being in need of an increase of his library, and a general outfit for the pastoral work, this pious minister of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," ordered the sale of this piece of property, which was in due time accomplished, for the snug sum of $500, and the little fellow torn forever from the embrace of his heart-broken mother. Who longer doubts that this Church is pre-eminently conservative, being "neither pro-slavery nor anti-slavery"?

Should the facts involved in this statement be called in question, we are prepared to substantiate them at any time.—*Central Christian Advocate.*

REPUBLICANISM IN KENTUCKY.—At a public meeting in Madison County, Kentucky, on the occasion of a presentation to Cassius M. Clay from some of his political friends, the following toasts formed a part of the after-dinner programme:

Laborers—The "mud-sills" of society. "The stone which the builders rejected is become the *head*-stone of the corner."

No more Southern Conventions—The sources of commerce lie in the mines, in the fields and in the work-shops. Intelligence is the source of power. Make labor free, and we'll hear no more of Southern inferiority!

True Democracy—The numbers, the wealth, the worth and the intelligence of the country shall rule the country.

The Ordinance of 1787—Which made all the (then) American territory FREE TERRITORY.

THE NEGRO QUESTION.—What can be the motive with such men as Henry Ward Beecher, Theodore Parker, and other good men and scholars of the North and West, who so enthusiastically advocate the abolition of slavery in our Republican Union? What can be their motives? We have oftimes asked ourselves and others these questions. What can be their motive? We can come to no other conclusion than that a love of freedom and a desire to extend the boon of freedom to every human creature in the world is the only motive by which they are actuated. Why, then, when we find our interests and our convictions beat in unison with theirs, shall we not join these good men in their efforts to free our little State from the incubus of slavery?

The great and important question before the people of Delaware is, Shall we remain poor and despised by the world, or shall we become a free and independent State, enjoying liberty ourselves and extending the same to our fellows, or shall we remain as we are, poor and helpless, by our approbation of the infamy of slavery?—*Milford (Del.) News and Advocate.*

FRUIT TREES ON THE ROADSIDE.—Ex-Gov. Wright, of Indiana, who represents the United States at one of the courts of Europe, writes to a friend near Indianapolis a very interesting letter, from Berlin, Austria. He speaks highly of the Agricultural Schools at Hohenheim, where practical and scientific agriculture are taught by qualified professors. After speaking of a variety of subjects, he says: "Writing of trees reminds me of another peculiarity of this country, from which Young America might learn an important lesson. Along the public roads for hundreds of miles are rows of trees, unprotected by ditch, hedge or fence, yet the ripe fruit may hang in profusion on their boughs or cover the very roadside, and not an apple or pear will be purloined, not a cherry twig will be broken. Frequently some poor man buys the fruit of one or more trees for a season. All he must do to have it sacredly respected is to bind a withe of straw about the trunk, in token of ownership."

"NIGGER."—Perhaps the Border Ruffian has no term in his list of vulgarisms more disgusting than the above. We never hear it used without forming an idea that the speaker is a person of low breeding. While attending the Ministerial Association for Ft. Desmoine District, Iowa Conference, recently, we were pained and shocked to hear it used by the Presiding Elder while occupying the chair as President of the Association! Think of it. A body of ministers of the Gospel are associated, and their leader calls his innocent and defenceless brother a *Nigger!* Is this the spirit of Christ? Would He have done so, would He do so now, were He among us? May God forgive that Presiding Elder and breathe into his soul the spirit of love. I. A. BAIR.

P. S.—The brother above mentioned is regarded as being decidedly anti-slavery, and expects to be delegate to the next General Conference.—*Northern Independent.*

THE CASE OF THE SLAVER ECHO.—*Columbia, S. C., November* 26.—The United States Circuit Court met in this city to-day, Judges Wayne of Washington, and McGraw of South Carolina, presiding. The charges to the grand jury were delivered by both judges, strongly impressing upon the jury the duty of impartially discharging their oaths of office, and while avoiding unfounded accusations, to suffer no personal sentiments or private feelings to deter them from presenting for investigation every case where reasonable evidence exists.

These charges, it is understood, were designed to meet the efforts which are being made by certain parties to induce the grand jury to refuse to bring in a bill against the mate and crew of the slaver brig Echo. Some delay has occurred in this case, through the difficulty of getting a full jury together. The probability now is that the action of the grand jury in this case will be made known on Monday.

Columbia, S. C., Tuesday, Nov. 30, 1858.—The Grand Jury came into Court this morning and reported they found no bill in all the three cases against the crew of the slaver Echo. The counsel of the prisoners will probably move for their discharge on Monday, when the question of the constitutionality of the act declaring the slave trade piracy will come up for argument. The U. S. Attorney will endeavor to hold the prisoners.

A BOY'S TONGUE FASTENED TO A LAMP-POST.—HIS FATHER CUTS IT AWAY.—On Saturday morning a little fellow, about eight years old, a son of Mr. Gilleau, bookseller, while playing with some other boys on North street, approached a lamp-post and carelessly applied his tongue to its gray-frosted surface, when, in an instant, to the boy's own horror and utter astonishment of his playmates, he was held fast by the tongue to the post, suffering very severe pain, and totally unable to help or extricate himself. Of course the boy could not speak, and could only manifest his feelings by signs with his hands. Various applications of warm tea, steam, &c., were made by some neighbors, who heard the unusual noise made by the other boys, and came to learn what was the matter, but of no avail, such was the action of the cold iron that the hold was even getting tighter. When after about ten minutes had elapsed, the boy's father heard of the affair, and, hastening to his relief, he took a knife and was obliged to cut the tongue loose, leaving its skin still fast to the post, and causing the blood to flow very profusely. Immediately on his release the poor little fellow became insensible, and was taken home.—*London (C. W.) Press, 23d ult.*

FIGHT BETWEEN AN EDITOR AND A CONGRESSMAN.—The editor of the Coshocton (Ohio) *Age* (Republican) and Gen. Joe Burns, the defeated Lecompton Congressman and candidate for re-election, have had a fight. The editor tells the story thus:

"We met Burns on the pavement with our usual morning salutation, and he walked as if going to pass us, which put us off our guard. When opposite he pitched into us, and, strange to say, considering that he weighs about sixty pounds more than we, he bore us to the ground, he falling underneath; but the ground being in his favor, our smallness of size enabled him to turn us under, when he aimed fifteen or twenty blows at us, while we warded them off to the best advantage, as Wentworth would say, 'with our face.' We placed ourselves in a position of defence, and drew our 'six-shooter,' when it suddenly became necessary to separate us—Burns was in danger of being slightly hurt. We are not aware that there was a Republican within a hundred yards of the scene of the melee at the time it occurred, so that we were entirely in their power and at their mercy. * * * * *

"We presume the immediate reason for our being attacked last week was that Lieut. Wm. Burns, a son of the General, had just received an appointment from the President, out of which large fortunes are sometimes made, and he was fearful that we might connect this appointment with the charges which had been made in Congress last winter against the General himself of bribery and corruption, and this was in part pay for the price of his vote, and he hoped thereby to frighten us from making that charge."

EGYPT.—In a letter published in *Emery's Prairie Farmer*, the following account is given of the changes taking place in this part of Illinois:

"The country is rapidly filling up with Eastern people who are introducing their usual improvements. The white house is often seen in contrast with the log hut and its chimney outside. Villages are springing up along the Illinois Central Railroad, containing from 1,000 to 4,000 inhabitants. Centralia, Du Quoin, Carbondale and Jonesboro' are instances of great progress in town-building. Each of these will, within ten years, contain from 5,000 to 10,000 inhabitants. Coal of the best quality underlies nearly all the 'land of Egypt.' The beds vary in thickness from six to nine feet, and frequently come to the surface; and beside them is an abundance of timber for fences, fuel or building.

"In regard to education, we are glad to 'report progress,' also. In the villages and county seats there are good graded schools, and in the country only a few are degraded. During the last year, a large number of elegant school-houses have been erected. The wages paid to teachers vary from $25 to $50 for young men, and from $20 to $35 for young ladies. Even at these rates, it is difficult to get a supply. It is hoped that Gov. Slade will send regiments of young ladies yearly into this portion of the State. He has thus far done nobly, and deserves all praise. However, the last delegation were all married in less than one year after their arrival, and, like Oliver Twist, the young Egyptians 'cried for more.'

"The darkness is really fading into daylight. I heard of one paper, only, which had for its motto 'Egyptian darkness and the Administration, one and inseparable, now and forever.'"

BABES IN THE WOODS.—A correspondent of the Concord (N. H.) *Congregational Journal*, writing from Stewartstown, N. H., states that, on the 26th of October, John Brown, Jr., 13 years old, accompanied by Wm. Brown, a lad of nine years, was sent into the woods at Hereford, Canada, by the father of the first lad, who had just removed thither from Colebrook, N. H., to gather a basket of moss with which to stop the crevices between the logs of their new house. Night came, but the boys did not return. Until morning the parents passed the night in unavailing search. Next day, from fifty to one hundred men from the neighboring towns roamed the woods with no better success. Two cold nights had passed, and no tidings of the lost ones had reached the anxious parents. Thursday morning, an increased number resumed the search, and continued it during the day with no better success. Friday and Saturday were spent in the same manner. On Sunday a fresh start was taken, which resulted in the discovery of the children. The elder lad, on perceiving

Miscellaneous Department.

For The Standard.

THE NEW POET.

Nor in the purple shall the bard be born,
For whom the world is listening eagerly;
Else should his songs be listless, sad, and strange,
As sounds of withered leaves, by autumn winds
Borne shivering along the woodland paths,
To rot in eddies of the swollen brooks.

But he, in sorrow and in want upreared,
Shall feel a sympathy with all who weep;
And with that sympathy, his words shall glow
Like clouds of sunset with a thousand hues
Of passion, scorn and pity, love and hate;
Each with a purpose wandering through the world,
Like stars that wander through eternal space,
With light and melody.

He shall not pause
To measure swords with evil, but shall feel
His heart beat quickly, and his eyes grow dim
And his nerves tense, and rush into the fray,
Snatching whatever weapon is at hand,
Nor heeding of his fate or life or death,
Defeat or victory, trusting in God,
Doing his duty, faithful to the end.

And he shall eat and drink and love like us;
Be merry and sad like any other man;
But more of tears than laughter shall he know.
He shall not sing, in fashion obsolete,
Of antique themes, to please the critic's ear;
Nor prune his verse to suit the sickly sense
Of a corrupted age. He shall be hated
In life, and followed to the grave by hate;
For he shall speak harsh truth in bitter words;
Denunciations fierce, and prophecies
Of woe shall be familiar to his lips.

He shall not live the life of common men
In getting or in squandering gold, in seeking
Eternal fame by cringing to To-day:
His life shall be as noble as his song;
And ere he dies, he from the Pisgah heights
Of his great soul shall see the golden years
Stretched like a summer ocean far away,
Beneath the windless heavens, in endless calm.

Philadelphia, November, 1858. J. A. DORGAN.

LOVE IN THE CLOUDS.

"And this is the fellow that wants to marry my daughter! A pretty fool I should be to give Annie to a coward like him!" So shouted honest Master Joss, the sacristan of the cathedral of Vienna, as he stood in the public room of the "Adam and Eve" inn, and looked after the angry retreating figure of Master Ottkar, the head-mason.

As he spoke, an honest young gardener, named Gabriel, entered; and for a moment the youth's handsome face flushed high, as he thought the sacristan's words were directed at him. For it was the old, old story. Gabriel and Annie had played together and loved each other before they knew the meaning of the word love; and when, a few months before they had found it out, and Gabriel proposed to make Annie his wife, her father rejected him with scorn. The young gardener had little to offer besides an honest heart and a pair of industrious hands, while Master Ottkar, the mason, had both houses and money. To him, then, sorely against her will, was the pretty Annie promised; and poor Gabriel kept away from the sacristan's pleasant cottage, manfully endeavoring to root out his love while exterminating the weeds in his garden. But somehow it happened that, although the docks and thistles withered and died, that other pertinacious plant, clinging and twining like the wild convolvulus, grew and flourished, nurtured, perchance, by an occasional distant glimpse of sweet Annie's pale cheek and drooping form.

So matters stood, when one day, as Gabriel was passing through a crowded street, a neighbor hailed him:

"Great news, my boy! glorious news! Our Leopold has been chosen emperor at Frankfort. Long live the House of Austria! He is to make his triumphal entry here in a day or two. Come with me to the "Adam and Eve," and we will drink his health, and hear all about it."

In spite of his dejection, Gabriel would have been no true son of Vienna if he had refused this invitation; and waving his cap in sympathy with his comrade's enthusiasm, he hastened with him to the inn.

We have already seen how the unexpected appearance and more unexpected words of Master Joss met him on his entrance. In the height of his indignation, the sacristan did not observe Gabriel, and continued in the same tone:

"I declare, I'd give this moment full and free permission to woo and win my daughter to any honest young fellow who would wave the banner in my stead—ay, and think her well rid of that cowardly mason."

From time immemorial, it had been the custom in Vienna, whenever the emperor made a triumphal entry, for the sacristan of the cathedral to stand on the very pinnacle of the highest tower, and wave a banner while the procession passed. But Master Joss was old, stiff and rheumatic, and such an exploit would have been quite as much out of his line as dancing on a tight-rope. It was therefore needful for him to provide a substitute; and it never occurred to him that his intended son-in-law, who professed such devotion to his interests, and whose daily occupation obliged him to climb to dizzy heights, and stand on slender scaffolding, could possibly object to take his place.

What, then, was his chagrin and indignation when, on broaching the matter that afternoon to Master Ottkar, he was met by a flat and not over-courteous refusal! The old man made a hasty retort; words ran high, and the parting volley, levelled at the retreating mason, we have already reported.

"Would you, dear Master Joss, would you indeed do so? Then, with the help of Providence, I'll wave the banner for you as long as you please from the top of St. Stephen's tower."

"You, Gabriel?" said the old man, looking at him as kindly as he was wont to do in former days. "My poor boy! you never could do it; you, a gardener, who never has had any practice in climbing."

"Ah, now you want to draw back from your word!" exclaimed the youth, reddening. "My head is steady enough; and if my heart is heavy, why, it was you who made it so. Never mind, Master Joss. Only promise me, on the word of an honest man, that you'll not interfere any more with Annie's free choice, and you may depend on seeing the banner of our emperor, whom may Heaven long preserve! wave gloriously on the old pinnacle."

"I will, my brave lad; I do promise, in the presence of all these honest folks, that Annie shall be yours!" said the sacristan, grasping Gabriel's hand with one of his, while he wiped his eyes with the back of the other.

"One thing I have to ask you," said the young man, "that you will keep this matter a secret from Annie. She'd never consent; she'd say I was tempting Providence; and who knows whether the thought of her displeasure might not make my head turn giddy, just when I want it to be most firm and collected."

"No fear of her knowing it, for I have sent her on a visit to her aunt two or three miles in the country."

"And why did you send her from home, Master Joss?"

"Because the sight of her pale face and weeping eyes troubled me; because I was vexed with her; because, to tell you the truth, I was vexed with myself. Gabriel, I was a hard-hearted old fool, I see it now. And I was very near destroying the happiness of my only remaining child; for my poor boy Arnold, your old friend and school-fellow, Gabriel, has been for years in foreign parts, and we don't know what has become of him. But now, please God, Annie at least will be happy, and you shall marry her, my lad, as soon after the day of the procession as you and she please. There's my hand on it."

There was not a happier man that evening within the precints of Vienna than Gabriel the gardener, although he well knew that he was attempting a most perilous enterprise, and one as likely as not to result in his death. He made all necessary arrangements in case of that event, especially in reference to the comfort of an only sister who lived with him, and whom he was careful to keep in ignorance of his intended venture. This done, he resigned himself to dream all night of tumbling from terrific heights, and all day of his approaching happiness. Meanwhile, Ottkar swallowed his chagrin as he best might, and kept aloof from Master Joss; but he might have been seen holding frequent and secret communications with Lawrence, a man who assisted the sacristan in the care of the church.

The day of the young emperor's triumphal entry arrived. He was not expected to reach Vienna before evening; and at the appointed hour the sacristan embraced Gabriel, and, giving him the banner of the House of Austria, gorgeously embroidered, said: "Now, my boy, up in God's name! Follow Lawrence; he'll guide you safely to the top of the spire, and afterwards assist you in coming down."

Five hundred and fifty steps to the top of the tower! Mere child's play—the young gardener flew them up with a joyous step. Then came two hundred wooden stairs over the clock-tower and belfry; then five steep ladders up the narrow pinnacle. Courage! A few more bold steps—half an hour of peril—then triumph, reward, the priest's blessing, and the joyful "Yes!" before the altar. Ah, how heavy was the banner to drag upwards—how dark the straight, stony shaft! Hold, there is the trap-door. Lawrence, and an assistant who accompanied him, pushed Gabriel through.

"That's it!" cried Lawrence; "you'll see the iron steps and the clamps to hold on by outside—only keep your head steady. When 'tis your time to come down, hail us, and we'll throw you a rope-ladder with hooks. Farewell!" As he said these words, Gabriel had passed through the trap-door, and with feet and hands clinging to the slender iron projections, felt himself hanging over a tremendous precipice, while the cold evening breeze ruffled his hair. He had still, burdened as he was with the banner, to steady himself on a part of the spire sculptured in the similitude of a rose, and then, after two or three daring steps still higher, to bestride the very pinnacle, and wave his gay gold flag.

"May God be merciful to me!" sighed the poor lad, as glancing downward on the busy streets, lying so far beneath, the whole extent of his danger flashed upon him. He felt so lonely, so utterly forsaken in that desert of the upper air, and the cruel wind strove with him, and struggled to wrest the heavy banner from his hand. "Annie, Annie, 'tis for thee!" he murmured, and the sound of that sweet name nerved him to endurance. He wound his left arm firmly round the iron bar which supported the golden star, surmounted by a crescent, that served as a weather-cock, and with the right waved the flag, which flapped and rustled like the wing of some mighty bird of prey. The sky—how near it seemed—grew dark above his head, and the lights and bonfires glanced upwards from the great city below. But the cries of rejoicing came faintly on his ear, until one long-continued shout, mingled with the sound of drums and trumpets, announced the approach of Leopold.

"Huzza! huzza! long live the emperor!" shouted Gabriel, and waved his banner proudly. But the deepening twilight and the dizzy height rendered him unseen and unheard by the busy crowd below.

The deep voice of the cathedral clock tolled the hour.

"Now my task is ended," said Gabriel, drawing a deep sigh of relief, and shivering in the chilly breeze. "Now I have only to get down and give the signal."

More heedfully and slowly than he had ascended, he began his descent. Only once he looked upward to the golden star and crescent, now beginning to look colorless against the dark sky.

"Ha!" said he, "doesn't it look now as if that heathenish Turk of a crescent were nodding and wishing me an evil 'good-night?' Be quiet, Mohammed!"

A few courageous steps landed him once more amid the petals of the gigantic sculptured rose, which offered the best, indeed the only coigne of vantage for his feet to rest on.

He furled his banner tightly together, and shouted: "Hollo, Lawrence! Albert! here! throw me up the ladder and the hooks."

No answer.

More loudly and shrilly did Gabriel reiterate the call. Not a word, not a stir below.

"Holy Virgin! can they have forgotten me? Or have they fallen asleep?" cried the poor fellow aloud; and the sighing wind seemed to answer like a mocking demon.

"What shall I do? What will become of me?"

Now enveloped in darkness, he dared not stir one hair-breadth to the right or to the left. A painful sensation of tightness came across his chest, and his soul grew bitter within him.

"They have left me here of set purpose," he muttered through his clenched teeth. "The torches below will shine on my crushed body."

Then, after a moment:

"No, no; the sacristan could not find it in his heart; men born of woman could not do it. They will come; they *must* come."

But when they did not come, and the pitiless darkness thickened around him, so that he could not see his hand, his death-anguish grew to the pitch of insanity.

"God!" he cried, "the emperor will not suffer such barbarity. Noble Leopold, help! One word from you would save me."

But the cold night-wind, blowing ominously around the tower, seemed to answer:

"Here I alone am emperor, and this is my domain."

While this was passing, two men stood conversing together at the corner of a dark street, aloof from the rejoicing crowd.

"Haven't I managed it well?" asked one.

"Yes; he'll never reach the ground alive, unless the sacristan"——

"O no, the old man is too busy with his son, who came home unexpectedly an hour ago. He'll never think of that fool Gabriel until"——

"Until 'tis too late. How did you get rid of Albert?"

"By telling him that Master Joss had undertaken to go himself, and fetch the gardener down. The trap-door is fast, and no one within call. But I think, Master Ottkar, you and I may as well keep out of the way till the fellow has dropped down, like a ripe apple from the stem."

And so the two villains took their way down a narrow street, and appeared no more that night.

Meantime, a dark shadowy fiend sat on one of the leaves of the sculptured rose, and hissed in Gabriel's ear: "Renounce thy salvation, and I will bring thee down in safety."

"May God preserve me from such sin," cried the poor lad, shuddering.

"Or only promise to give me your Annie, and I'll save you."

"Will you hold your tongue, you wicked spirit?"

"Or just say that you'll make me a present of your first-born child, and I'll bear you away as softly as if you were floating on down."

"Avaunt, Satan! I'll have nothing to do with gentlemen who wear horns and a tail!" cried Gabriel manfully.

The clock tolled again, and the gardener, aroused by the sound and vibration, perceived that he had been asleep. Yes, he had actually slumbered, standing on that dizzy point, suspended over that fearful abyss.

"Am I really here?" he asked himself, as he awoke; "or is it all a frightful dream that I have had while lying in my bed?"

A cold shudder passed through his frame, followed by a burning heat, and he grasped the pinnacle with a convulsive tightness. A voice seemed to whisper in his ear:

"Fool! this is death, that unknown anguish which no man shall escape. Anticipate the moment, and throw thyself down."

"Must I, then, die?" murmured Gabriel, while the cold sweat started from his brow. "Must I die while life is so pleasant? O Annie, Annie! pray for me; the world is so beautiful, and life is so sweet."

Then it seemed as if soft white wings floated above and around him, while a gentle voice whispered:

"Awake, awake! The night is far spent, the day is at hand. Look up, and be comforted."

Wrapped in the banner, whose weight helped to preserve his equilibrium, Gabriel still held on with his numbed arm, and, with a sensation almost of joy, watched the first dawn lighting up the roofs of the city.

Far below, in the sacristan's dwelling, the old man sat, fondly clasping the hand of a handsome sunburnt youth, his long-lost son Arnold, who sat by his side the livelong night, recounting the adventures which had befallen him in foreign lands, without either father or son feeling the want of sleep.

At length Arnold said:

"I am longing to see Annie, father. I daresay she has grown a fine girl. How is my friend Gabriel, who used to be so fond of her when we were all children together?"

The sacristan sprang from his seat.

"Gabriel! Holy Virgin! I had quite forgotten him."

A rapid explanation followed. Master Joss and his son hastened towards the cathedral, and met Albert on their way.

"Where is Gabriel?" cried the sacristan.

"I don't know; I have not seen him since he climbed through the trap-door."

"But who helped him down?"

"Why, you yourself, of course," replied Albert, with a look of astonishment. "Lawrence told me, when we came down, that you had undertaken to do it."

"Oh, the villains, the double-dyed scoundrels! Now I understand it all," groaned the old man. "Quick! Arnold, Albert! Come, for the love of God! look up, look up to the spire."

Arnold rushed towards the square, and his keen eye, accustomed to look out at great distances at sea, discerned through the gray, uncertain morning twilight something fluttering on the spire.

"'Tis he! It must be he, still living."

"O God!" cried Master Joss, "where are my keys? O that we may not be too late."

The keys were found in the old man's pocket; and all three, rushing through the cathedral-gate, darted up the stairs, the sacristan, in the dread excitement of the moment, moving as swiftly as his young companions.

Albert, knowing the trick of the trap-door, went through it first.

"Call out to him, lad!" exclaimed Master Joss.

A breathless pause.

"I hear nothing stirring," said Albert, "nor can I see anything from this. I'll climb over the rose."

Bravely did he surmount the perilous projection; and after a few moments of intense anxiety, he reappeared at the trap-door.

"There certainly is a figure standing on the rose, but 'tisn't Gabriel—'tis a ghost!"

"A ghost! you dreaming dunderhead," shouted Arnold. "Let me up." And he began to climb with the agility of a cat.

Presently he called out: "Come on, come on, as far as you can. I have him, thank God! But quick; time is precious."

Speedily and deftly they gave him aid; and at length, a half-unconscious figure, still wrapped in the banner, was brought down in safety.

They bore him into the "Adam and Eve," laid him in a warm bed, and poured by degrees a little wine down his throat. Under this treatment, he soon recovered his consciousness, and began to thank his deliverers. Suddenly his eye fell on a mirror hanging on the wall opposite the bed, and he exclaimed:

"Wipe the boar-frost off my hair, and that yellow dust off my cheeks!"

In truth, his curled locks were white, his rosy cheeks yellow and wrinkled, and his bright eyes dim and sunken; but neither dust nor hoar-frost was there to wipe away—that one night of horror had added forty years to his age!

In the course of that day, numbers who had heard of Gabriel's adventure crowded to the inn and sought to see him, but none were admitted save the three who sat continually by his bedside—his weeping young sister, the brave Arnold, and Master Joss, the most unhappy of all; for his conscience ceased not to say, in a voice that *would* be heard: "You alone are the cause of all this." By way of a little self-comfort, the sacristan used to exclaim at intervals: "If I only had hold of that Lawrence! If I once had that Ottkar by the throat!" But both worthies kept carefully out of sight; nor were they ever again seen in the fair city of Vienna.

"Ah!" said Gabriel towards evening, "'tis all over between me and Annie. She would shudder at the sight of an old wrinkled gray-haired fellow like me."

No one answered. His sister hid her face on the pillow, while her bright ringlets mingled with his poor gray locks; and Arnold's handsome face grew very sad as he thought—"The poor fellow is right; there are few things that young girls dislike more than gray hairs and yellow wrinkles."

"I have one request to make of you all, dear friends, said Gabriel, painfully raising himself on his couch—"do not let Annie know a word of this. Write to her that I am dead, and she'll mind it less, I think; then I'll go into the forest, and let the wolves eat me if they will. I want to save her from pain."

"A fine way, indeed, to save Annie from pain!" cried a well-known voice, while a light figure rushed towards the bed, and clasped the poor sufferer in a close and long embrace. "My own true love! you were never more beautiful in my eyes than now. And pretend that you were dead! A likely story, while every child in Vienna is talking of nothing but my poor boy's adventure. And let yourself be eaten by wolves! No, no, Gabriel; you wouldn't treat your poor Annie so cruelly as that!"

A regular hail-storm of kisses followed; and it is said—how truly I know not—that somehow in the general *mêlée* Arnold's lips came into wonderfully close contact with the rosy ones of Gabriel's little sister. Certainly he was heard the next day to whisper into his friend's ear: "A fair exchange is no robbery, my boy: I think if you take my sister, the least you may do is to give me yours."

It does not appear that any objection was made in any quarter. Love and hope proved wonderful physicians; for although Gabriel's hair to the end of his life remained as white as snow, his cheeks and eyes, ere the wedding-day arrived, had resumed their former tint and brightness. A happy man was Master Joss on the day that he gave his blessing to the two young couples—the day when Gabriel's sore-tried love found its reward in the hand of his Annie.—*Chambers's Journal.*

FREDERIC BARBAROSSA.

Translated for The Standard from the German of Geibel.

Deep in the Kufthausen's bosom,
Which a lamp's red gleam doth fill,
Sitteth the old Kaiser Frederic,
By a marble table still.

Round him waves his purple mantle,
He his glittering arms doth keep;
But upon his sunken eyelids
Rests the heavy night of sleep.

Bent the face where manly courage
Yields to gentle love a share;
Grown e'en through the marble table
Is his long beard's golden hair.

Like a ring of noble statues,
Circling stand his knights around;
Girt with swords, in harness gleaming,
Buried, too, in sleep profound.

Heinrich, too, von Ofterdingen,
Stands amid their stony throng;
With his lips so rich in poetry,
And his blonde hair's ringlets long.

And his harp rests by the singer
In his left hand, silent now;
Yet a future song is sleeping
On his pale and lofty brow.

All is still save but the droppings
From the cavern's roof of stone;
Till suddenly the mighty morning
Breaks with its fiery glow thereon:

Till in pride the eagle sweepeth
Round the mountain's summits high,
And before his pinions rustling,
Fast the flocks of ravens fly.

Then, like thunder through the mountain,
Rolls the murmur loud and deep;
And the Kaiser grasps his weapons,
And the knights awake from sleep.

Loud upon its hinges sounding,
See the brazen door ope wide;
Up in arms leaps Barbarossa,
With his warriors at his side.

On his head the crown he beareth,
And the sceptre in his hand;
Swords are gleaming, harps are sounding,
As he marches through the land.

See, to the old Kaiser bending,
The united people stand;
And from Neu to Aix he foundeth
Sure the holy German Land.

THE POETRY OF THE PURITANS.

Was there no poetry in the Puritans, because they wrote no poetry? We do not mean now the unwritten tragedy of the battle-psalm and the charge; but simple Idyllic poetry and quiet home dreams, love-poetry of the heart and hearth, and the beauties of everyday human life. Take the most common-place of them. Was Zeal-for-Truth Thoresby, of Thoresby's Rise in Deepening Fen, because his father had thought fit to give him an ugly and silly name, the less of a noble lad? Did his name prevent him being six feet high? Were his shoulders the less broad for it? his cheek the less ruddy for it? He wore his flaxen hair the same length that every one now wears theirs, instead of letting it hang half way to his waist in essence and curls; but was he the less a true Viking's son, bold-hearted as his sea-roving ancestors, who won the Danelagh by Canute's side, and settled there on Thoresby Rise to grow wheat and breed horses, generation succeeding generation, in the old moated grange? He carried a Bible in his jack-boots; but did that prevent him, as Oliver rode past him with an approving smile on Naseby field, thinking himself a very handsome fellow, with his moustache and imperial, and bright red coat, cuirass well polished, in spite of many a dint, as he sat his father's great black horse as gracefully and firmly as any long-locked and essenced cavalier in front of him? Or did it prevent him thinking too, for a moment, with a throb of the heart, that sweet cousin Patience, far, far away at home, could she but see him, might have the same opinion of him as he had of himself? Was he the worse for the thought? He was certainly not the worse for checking it the next instant, with manly shame for letting such "carnal vanities" rise in his heart while he was "doing the Lord's work," in the teeth of death and hell; but was there no poetry in him five minutes after, as the long rapier swung round his head, redder and redder at every sweep? We are befooled by names. Call him Crusader instead of Roundhead, and he seems at once—granting him only sincerity, which he had, and that of a right awful kind—as complete a knight errant as ever watched and prayed ere putting on his spurs, in fantastic Gothic chapel, beneath "storied windows richly dight." Was there no poetry in him, either, half an hour afterwards, as he lay bleeding across the corpse of his gallant horse, waiting for his turn with the surgeon, and fumbled for his Bible in his boot, and he tried to tune a psalm, and thought of Cousin Patience and his father and his mother? and they would hear at least that he had played the man in Israel that day, and resisted unto blood, striving against sin and the man of sin?

And was there no poetry in him, too, as he came wearied along Thoresbydyke, in the quiet autumn eve, home to the house of his forefathers, and saw afar off the knot of tall poplars rising off the broad misty flat, and the great abele tossing its sheets of silver in the dying gusts, and knew that they stood before his father's door? Who can tell all the pretty child memories which flitted across his brain at that sight, and made him forget that he was a wounded cripple?

Fair Patience, too, though she was a Puritan, yet did not her cheeks flush, her eye grow dim, like any other girl's, as she saw afar the red coat, like a sliding spark of fire, coming slowly along the straight fen bank, and fled up stairs into her chamber to pray, half that it might not be he? Was there no happy storm of human tears and human laughter when he entered the court-yard gate? Did not the old dog lick his Puritan hand as lovingly as if it had been a Cavalier's? Did not lads and lasses run out shouting? Did not the old yeoman father hug him, weep over him at arm's length, and hug him again, as heartily as any other John Bull, even though the next moment he called all to kneel down and thank Him who had set his boy home again, after bestowing on him the grace to bind kings in chains and nobles with links of iron, and contend to death for the faith delivered to the saints?

And did not Zeal-for-Truth look about as wistfully for Patience as any other man would have done, longing to see her, yet not daring to ask for her? And when she came down at last, was she less lovely in his eyes because she came, not flaunting with bare bosom, in tawdry finery and paint, but shrouded close in coif and pinner, hiding from all the world beauty which was there still, but was meant for one alone, and that only if God willed, in God's good time? And was there no faltering of their voices, no light in their eyes, no trembling pressure of their hands, which said more, and was more, ay, and more beautiful in the sight of Him who made them, than all Herrick's Wallers, Sacharissas, flames, darts, posies, love-knots, anagrams, and the rest of the insincere cant of the court? What if Zeal-for-Truth had never strung two rhymes together in his life? Did not his heart go for inspiration to a loftier Helicon, when it whispered to itself, "My love, my dove, my undefiled is but one," than if he had filled pages with sonnets about Venuses and Cupids, love-sick shepherds and aerial nymphs?—*Charles Kingsley.*

BABY JUNIOR.

Exactly nine weeks ago, come midnight, I first opened my infant eyes for the study of mundane matters. I was thrust into the world in obedience to chance, and in something of a hurry. My first survey of surrounding objects made me a firm believer in a fortuitous concourse of circumstances, if not of atoms. My education in belles-lettres has been rapid—owing its progress, on the one hand, to an intellectual cerebral development, inherited from my progenitors; on the other, to the fact of my paternal relative being a studious man, and very fond of reading *à haute voix*. Frequently, when I have been thought snugly reposing in my rather circumscribed sleeping-apartment, with the curtain drawn before me—for which I am very grateful, as the flies *do* bother one, and I have not yet had time enough to become fond of entomological pursuits—I have in reality been listening to the sense and pronunciation of what papa was reading for the benefit of a lady I very much respect, and who, by vulgar people, might be written down "his rib." I don't like those people. They might have the impudence to term me a costal cartilage, as my skeleton has not yet undergone ossification, and I should deem that a considerable insult, and make a point of screaming whenever they come near enough to be disagreeable.

I have yet to tell you that I am the second arrival so unjustly complained of some time ago for having supplanted my brother—a young gentleman who is now a little more than a year old, and who considers himself what Mrs. Malaprop would term "a progeny of learning." I beg to assure him that the pleasures he enjoyed when in my position, and which he has since lost, have not been found by me. I am rather surprised and exceedingly indignant at his abominably rude remarks upon the different features of my physique, which, remembering what's due to my sex, even you will admit are not those of a gentleman accustomed to good society, and properly inducted in the *Hints on Etiquette*. I dare say he did not think they would ever be sounded upon my tympanum; but they have. Pa read them to Ma one evening, and I listened, while digesting tops and bottoms as solid aliment, and a draught from the milky-way as fluid—I wish Ma would not eat pickles—and the double evil those remarks occasioned me was indignation and dyspepsy. I hope to be able to indulge in colloquial conversation presently; but as it may be some months before I have learned that accomplishment, I think it the better plan to repudiate the ungallant remarks of my ungentlemanly brother, since to allow them to pass without comment would amount to a tacit acknowledgment of their truth, and they *are* false. Man is said to be an imitative animal, but I never heard that said of a woman. I suppose she must be a *sui generis* production. *I* find it particularly difficult to imitate sounds. I've been experimenting for some time, but can't yet control my *chorda vocalis*. I try the gamut, do, re, me, &c.; but, my ears not having learned to govern my voice, I am startled by a grunt, a hiss, a scrape—anything but a note or word; and then, to satisfy myself, I am obliged to scream, just to bring me the consoling conviction that I *can* scream in different keys, if I can't accent a word or pronounce a letter. Thus, you see, I am obliged to send you a caligram, because I am unable to talk. My brother, with the wisdom of 364 days, and the vanity of his whole life, has stigmatized my nose as a *blob*—I wonder where he got the word from; I'm sure it's a nasty provincialism—but if you could see it, you would not, perhaps, call it a Roman, nor a Grecian, nor a *nez retroussé*, nor a parrot, nor a bottle, nor a club, nor an aquiline, nor a pug, nor a poke-your-nose-into-everybody's-business; but I'm sure you would say it was the prettiest little thing for a nose you ever saw. He says my eyes are fixed like a wax-doll's; but it is not because they are not capable of turning to different objects, but because I am teaching my optic nerves to become stereoscopic, so that I may see the surrounding objects as solid bodies. When I first began to look about me, I could not distinguish a chair from a table; but experience has taught me that, to see a solid body, my eyes must point to different angles—in fact, the optic nerves must be taught divergence. My brother will probably hear this read; and I wish him to know that I *am* considered a much more genteel baby than himself. He tries to run, but fails in the attempt, because he is built in a certain portion of his earthly tabernacle more like a female Hottentot than a British baby; and where his knees ought to be, you can discover nothing but a hollow surrounded by a bulge of fat, as if he had gartered below knee, and all the hydro-carbon aliment had stopped above the cincture. I don't believe he knows where his legs are, for I often see him, in his attempts to stand, place his feet where, if he possessed the least knowledge of mathematics, he would know they could not act as props.

I suspect it's the gravy makes him look like a lump of animated fat. His cheeks!—*I* never saw such bags of pinguidity. If he don't improve, I shall be obliged to decline his acquaintance; I verily believe they'll presently close up his mouth altogether. And then his nose! oh, if you *could* but see his nose! It looks to me just like a ginger-beer cork, and his mouth the bottle; and when he opens his *bouche*, you'd think the nose entertained a desperate idea of flying bung-off upwards. I was about forgetting these words of Mirabeau, which may perhaps be of some good to him: "Un homme excessivement gros, que Dieu ne l'avait crée que pour montrer jusqu'à quel point la peau humaine pouvait s'étendre sans rompre."

I've seen "the old baby" eyeing me very suspiciously for some time, but I was not aware of the gross insult he intended to offer me in this *Journal*. I did not think he was anatomizing my corporeal architecture only to publish a description so abominable. It was only yesterday that a lady called and found me, as she thought, sleeping; but I was listening, because, as Ma was not in the room, I thought she might say something to her companion that would wound my vanity, but repay me for that infliction by giving me a vigorous idea of what she *really* thought of me; but she said nothing discreditable of me—*au contraire*, she complimented me by repeating the beautiful lines:

Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?
Oh, can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doomed to death?
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent!
Or art thou what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream?

I am sure *that* lady is a woman of strong mind, cultivated taste, and expansive intellect. I know she always speaks the truth—at least, during the whole extent of my life, which has now reached sixty-three days, I have never found her false, and society obliges us to believe in the honesty of all whom we have not discovered to be untrue. To be sure, she told my nurse, as she was going away, that I appeared to have a very strong knack at sleeping, and did not appear much inclined for conversation. I'll just tell you why I did not. She comes to make a morning-call, as she used to do when "the old baby" was the pet of the family; and she talks to me as she used to talk to him in stupid English, that I wonder he liked it; but he is a boy, and boys are *always* pleased if girls will but condescend to converse with them, no matter about what nonsense—the greater the better. *I* don't like it, and so I was silent when the lady-visitor looked at me, and said: "Did 'em wong it, pooty 'ittle ting?" just because I happened to make a wry face when a pin, used to prevent a solution of continuity in my *vade-mecums*, had mistaken its office, and was damaging my cuticle. "Will'm go walk?"—I hate walking, so I screamed judiciously. "Will'm 'ave dood-dood?" a nasty red compound, probably colored with sulphuret of mercury, and strong enough to induce ptyalism, and I'm sufficiently generous with saliva already—"Has 'm got tooty pegs, &c., &c., *ad nauseam*. Now, I ask you if I did not do quite right in screaming like a juvenile porker in reply to such wretched English, entertaining, as I do, as much respect for Lindley Murray as for tops and bottoms.

I do not believe—and I have arrived at the conclusion after great thought and mature consideration—that many children grow short-tongued because they are obliged to listen to such atrocious rubbish. Parents and others should not excuse themselves with the trite remark, that they are reducing their language to the capacity of baby-intellect, because *I* can understand good English infinitely better than such abominable gibberish. When my impudent brother wrote to you I was a month old, and, as he says, very red, I *was* in a state of general blush; but isn't it true that when babies *are* very red during the first weeks of babydom, it's because they have a very thin cuticle, so that the blood is seen through it? And are not those children in after-life the possessors of the fairest skins? I'm sure if my brother were to read Goldsmith's *Animated Nature*, he would find it so; and Goldsmith did know something about most matters, although I am sorry to say he never had a baby. My brother also accuses me of wearing his cast off clothes. I'm sorry to say I do, and I'm often dreadfully indignant about it; it wounds my *amour propre*; and when they *will* put them on me, I generally indulge in a billious attack, and injure them to the best of my ability. I think he has escaped a great many sorrows; among other things, he is not exhibited, as I am. Just as I'm about going to sleep, I hear a treble knock, or an authoritative ring, and immediately I have a horrible vision of rough towels, nasty soap, ill-tempered nurse-maids, and all the minor unpleasantries attending a hasty toilet. I'm carried into the drawing-room. If the visitor happen to be a lady, she will probably take me in her arms, and say several little things about my *tout ensemble*, which are rather complimentary. If the visitor be a gentleman, he takes me, too, but so cautiously, and gets rid of me as soon as possible, but not without kissing me, though he looks all the time he is doing it as if I'd ask for a sixteen-penny income-tax, or as if he had a disagreeable vision of cold meat for dinner without the benefit of pickles. I have been giving certain portions of my anatomy, which choose to indulge in involuntary movements, some very strict lessons, and I find them improving, though not so well as I could wish. You see, we've so many things to learn when first introduced to the pomps and vanities of the world, that it requires an extremely intelligent child to be continually studying its relative position to men and things, or it's sure to commit itself, just as grown-up babies often do when ignorant of the rules of etiquette. I should just like to tell Mrs. Slyboots before I finish, that I entertain a very low opinion of *her*. She called the other day, and professed herself overjoyed to see me. She took me in her arms, and began kissing me—I hate being kissed by a woman. Ma went out for a minute, when she took the opportunity of saying: "You nasty ugly little brat, I wish you were in the bull-rushes, like Moses, for you have torn and ruined my best bonnet-strings!" Ma came in, and she said: "What a dear child!—how intelligent! [There she was right.] What lovely eyes! Oh, how I envy you such a darling!" Now, I consider such conduct extremely rude; but it all comes of the vanity of mothers who *will* make puppet-shows of their children, and expect everybody to look upon them with the same partiality and through the same spectacles—I ought not to have said that, because Ma only puts them on when she is alone—as mothers always do.

In conclusion, let me tell you, that if the Old Baby dares to write to you again after he has heard this, I'll have a bilious attack, and smother him—I *will*.—*Chambers's Journal.*

For The Standard.

TO A ROBIN.*

Sunning thyself on the naked spray,
Aloft in the latest evening ray,
Gentle Robin, simply clad
In thy homely suit of hodden gray,
My inmost heart thou makest glad
With thy liquid evening lay.

Like notes of a rural oaten reed,
Or rain-drops into a limpid pool
Falling from some wandering cloud,
Silver-clear in those waters cool,
Or the tinkling of sweet rills
Deep in the hollows of the hills,
From ledge to ledge as they leap and run,
Forever hidden from the sun,
Thy love-ditty thou chantest still;
Warbling, warbling, the evening long,
Ever thy fresh and liquid song,
And singing till thou hast sung thy fill.

When the silken threads of the spider's wheel
Are strung with diamonds, all ablaze
With rose and emerald, sapphire and gold,
Out in the morning's arrowy rays,
And the sky is mottled with filmy pearl,
And in still waters the eddies whirl,
Whether thou pourest thy matin note
Under the dawn's pale azure coping,
Or tunest thy rich and reedy throat
At eve, from thy knoll to the westward sloping,
Where far away o'er the meadows fair
A golden dust in the silent air
Shimmers in beams that flood thy nest,
Ruddier showing thy ruddy breast,
For these fields and meadows meet
Thy clear roundelay I deem,
For 'tis wild and pure and sweet—
Unpaid, and free as the breeze and stream.
Thus ever at will, thy *own* fresh song
Thou under the dome of blue art singing,
With echoes that all the summer long,
And through the autumnal hush, are ringing,
For thou the priceless luxury
Dost enjoy of being free;
And though few may prize thy lay,
None can ever say thee nay,
While all base aims and low desires,
With their slow-consuming fires,
Thou leavest to the wight who lives
That poor life that flattery gives.

Thus, near the sill of thy clay-built cot,
Warbling to thy brooding mate,
Gentle Robin, there is not
In the halls of pride and state
Half as happy a heart as thine,
That doth with care nor envy pine.

When to you brown and billowy swells,
And to those purple oaken dells,
The gauzy veil of the hazy mist
Lendeth a tinge of the amethyst,
Far away, over sea and land,
Thou wingest thy way, with a kindred band,
To some isle in a sunny sea.
Would, when the bud on the maple swells,
And the fountain, loosed, from the hill-side wells,
I once more might welcome thee.

Howard Worcester Gilbert.

Pennsylvania, November, 1858.

* The *Merula migratoria* of some ornithologists.

THE SUN AN ENGRAVER ON WOOD, STONE, COPPER AND STEEL.

No science within the last few years has made so rapid progress as the science of photography; and brilliant as have been its former marvels, they are surpassed by more striking successes achieved almost within the month. Sun pictures on silver and paper have been made almost as common as newspapers in every household, even the poorest; portraits, which otherwise would have been beyond their means, and which, a hundred years ago, regal opulence could hardly secure. This was a great addition to the happiness of the world for any art to contribute. But its devotees still asked for more; and more they succeeded in obtaining. Petzval pressed the most subtle mathematical analyses into the service of the art, to make its pictures more accurate in drawing, and more rapid in execution. M. Niepce then showed how the sun could be made to do the work of the lithographer. He covers a lithographic stone with a solution of bitumen in ether; over this he places any photographic picture on glass or paper, or an engraving. This is subjected to the action of the light. The stone is then placed in a bath of ether, the portion on which the light has acted being soluble and the other portions insoluble. The stone is removed from the bath and a delicate picture is found sketched on it by the insoluble portions of bitumen, from which lithographs may be directly printed.

Our columns have related from time to time the various improvements of this sun-picturing art, especially in its relation to astronomy, where improvements have been as remarkable as in any other of its numerous branches. Our advertising columns have shown that photography was successfully applied not only to lithography, but also to wood engraving, and that with the greatest success. All these impressions, however, are of little durability and permanence, compared with those on copper. From the London *News* we learn that Herr Pretsch has sought to make the sun a copper-plate engraver, and has succeeded. He finds a new property of matter as strange as that possessed by bitumen. He covers a glass case with a solution of gelatine, mixed with a solution of bichromate of potash and other chemicals, and leaves it to dry in the dark. On this plate he places his glass or paper picture which he wishes to engrave, and exposes it to the light. A faint photographic picture appears on the prepared gelatinous surface. This is dipped in water. The moisture raises the picture in relief. It is dried, and found to be strong enough and deep enough to afford an impression, by pressure, to a warm sheet of gutta percha. This gutta percha impression has but to be covered with black lead or bronze powder, and placed in a voltaic circuit, to be covered with copper by the electrotype process—itself a wonder of wonders. The copper plate thus produced is in relief; but being placed in the matrix in the galvanic bath, it produces as many engraved copper plates as the engraver may require.

Fox Talbot, the father of English photography, goes a step beyond